

# CN CALLING

Truth, crushed to earth, will rise again;

The eternal years of God are hers.

William Cullen Bryant

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Number 1076 NOVEMBER 4, 1939

WHAT  
HAPPENED IN  
SOUTH AFRICA

See page 4

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## VIGOROUS NEW POWER WITH THE ALLIES

### The Turks of Today and Yesterday

### THEIR EFFECT ON THE LIFE AND LEARNING OF EUROPE

THE most significant event for a long time in Europe is the joining up of Turkey with the Allies; the Turkish Treaty is an immense strengthening of the democratic forces.

All students of history see in the Treaty the opening of a new chapter of the volume that will ultimately tell how liberty and civilisation were preserved in South-Eastern Europe.

Although they differ from us in creed and tongue, the Turks have this in common with us—they keep their pledges with the highest sense of honour. "The word of an Englishman" passes current in foreign lands as guarantee of the fulfilment of promise and undertaking; long association has taught us that "the word of a Turk" is equally dependable.

#### The Word of a Turk

Trade and intercourse between our country and theirs has done much for Turkey. When re-forming themselves they looked to England for example and inspiration, not to the extent of complete imitation of our parliamentary institutions for a land which had always lived under autocratic rule, but for the beginning of a system of government tending towards that goal, and in the extension of personal and domestic liberty for the people themselves.

Should the issue of the present alliance prove as fortunate and fruitful as we all hope and expect, and the Balkans be shielded from tyranny and enslavement, then Turkey will have served Europe most signally on two momentous occasions—once indirectly and not of set purpose, for the good that came to Europe then came out of evil.

#### With Might and Fury

The Turks came with might and fury into a 15th century Europe that had lain long entranced in the dismal ignorance of The Dark Ages. All the learning that survived from classical ages, except that which Arabian scholars kept alive, lay locked up, buried and barren in the libraries of drowsy, unprofitable scholars, snug and smug in the security of Constantinople.

Mohammed the Conqueror and his Turks captured the city in 1453 after a siege of nearly two months, and great was the destruction and great the sorrow as an alien host poured in, converting the lovely church of San Sophia into a Moslem mosque, and reducing to bondage such of the inhabitants as survived but were unable to flee. Some were retained in

the city as captives to educate and humanise their fierce conquerors; some were sold into slavery in various parts of the Turkish Empire; others escaped, scurrying across Europe, with precious manuscripts of the ancient learning hidden in their garments.

Wherever such a man came to rest with his rescued treasure he became a centre of learning. Here were remnants of the great literature that had immortalised Greece and Rome, liberated at last in a Europe where scholarship had given place to superstition, bigotry, and profitless refinement of meaningless problems, harmful in their demands on time and energy.

#### Idle Scholars

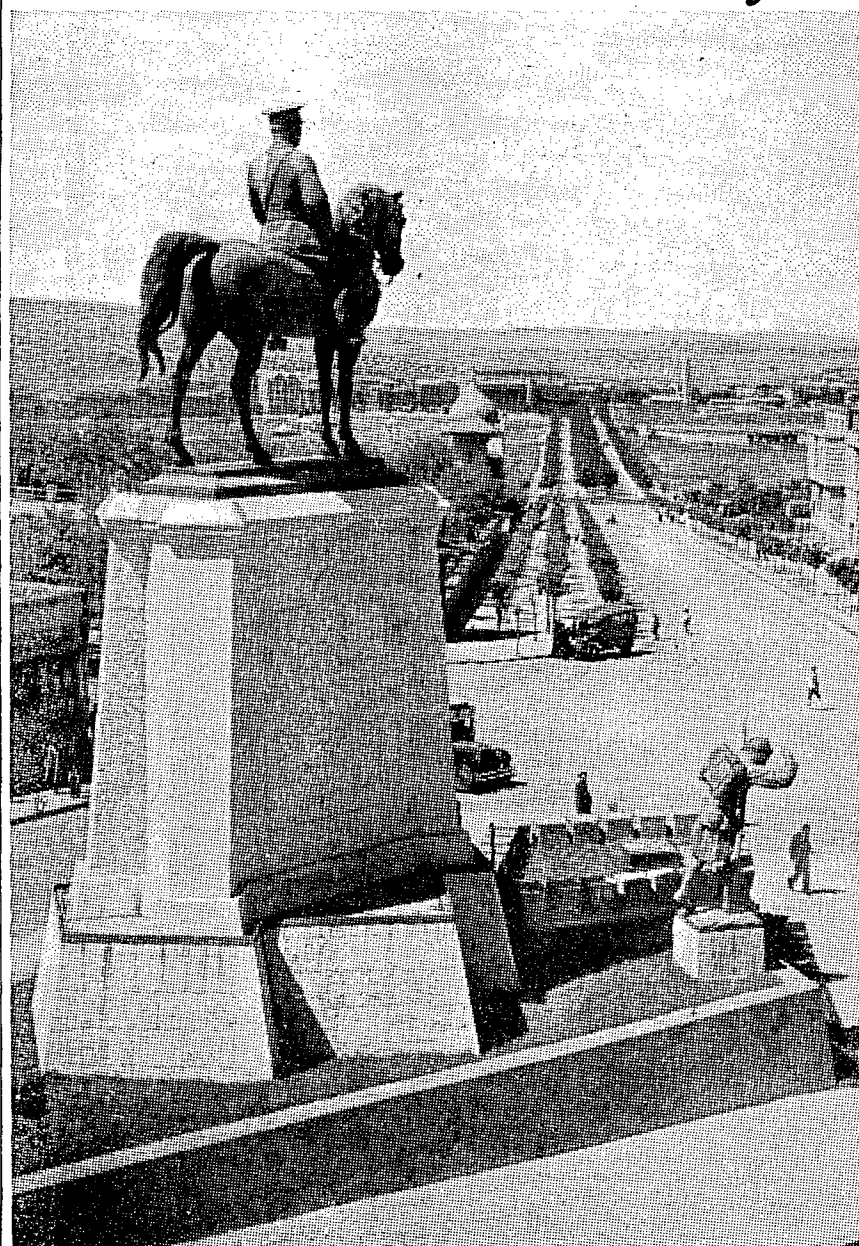
This outpouring of the treasures of poetry, prose, science, and philosophy was like a fertilising stream to droughty lands long barren. It brought the Rebirth of Learning to Europe, and from that source flowed the art and literature of Italy, and of France and England; it led to men seeking new lands lying beyond uncharted seas, to the discovery of the sea route to India, to the finding of America, and from there to Australia and New Zealand.

The coming of the Turks to Constantinople broke up the idle school of learning which, repository of the most precious knowledge in the world, had done no more with it than to keep it selfishly concealed, as worthless as the one talent of the man who buried his in the earth.

The Turks were involuntarily the instrument which, startling the lazy scholars into activity and flight with their hidden manuscripts and volumes, brought fire to the human mind once more and set learning on the way to heights it had not dreamed of.

All civilisation made an immense leap forward as a result of the scattering of the scholars of Constantinople. The progress has been continuous; the impulse has neither died nor flagged. Then the Turks little knew what they did, but now they join hands with us with conscious purpose, to ensure that learning and civilisation shall not perish from the earth.

### Creator of the New Turkey



Turkey's National Memorial at Ankara to Kemal Ataturk, founder of the Turkish Republic after the Great War

### Wallace's Sword is Found Again

EVEN though German bombing planes disturb her peace, Scotland stirs with patriotic satisfaction at the recovery of a treasured trifle, worth hardly anything in money, yet dearer to her than much fine gold. It is the Sword of Wallace.

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" they sing, and we English, their auld enemy, sing it with them. They set up the famous sword of their hero on the statue at Stirling. The very sword he drew with such valour against England nearly 700 years ago, it remained there until the winter of 1936, when four men calling themselves Scottish Nationalists carried it away.

For nearly three years nothing was heard of it, but it happened strangely

that on the latest anniversary of Wallace's terrific victory over the English at Stirling (September 11, 1297), a group of bathers in the Clyde at Bothwell Bridge, itself a battle site, found a rusty iron blade on the bed of the river. Taken to the police station, it lay there for some time unidentified, a mere addition of no apparent worth to other finds.

Fortunately the find was eventually brought to the notice of experts, and with little difficulty discovered to be the very sword of Wallace.

Sword and statue may now keep company again, and Scottish patriotism will renew its song of triumph. The sword returns to find Scotland at war, but it will remain to see her triumphant once again.



## Gloucester Glory

### SAVING A 700-YEAR-OLD WINDOW

One of the great problems of war is the protection of our national treasures, the priceless books and manuscripts, the irreplaceable links with our forefathers and our great men, the fragile and precious store of things that have come unscathed through the centuries, the unassessable heritage of Englishmen.

All that can be done is being done, and many things long familiar to us have taken cover behind a veil of sandbags or have gone into deep shelters for the duration.

One of the glories of the West Country is the east window of Gloucester Cathedral, the biggest medieval stained window in England, and it is good to know that steps are being taken to safeguard this precious glass. This wonderful window, 78 feet high and 38 wide, with 2736 square feet of richly traceried stone and 14th century glass, is believed to have been set up as a memorial to the men of Gloucestershire who fell at Crécy, and it shows the Crowning of the Madonna by Our Lord amid a saintly company, a host of silvery white figures against a background of ruby and blue. It will not be possible to remove all this glass to a safe place, but eight panels chosen as the best and most characteristic will be taken out of danger and temporarily replaced by asbestos sheets.

Except for releading last century this precious glass has not been moved throughout six centuries, and we can only hope that it will soon be back again to cast its lovely light in Gloucester's glorious fane through many centuries to come.

## Would You Like to See the King?

A special constable popped his head into a First Aid Post in North London the other day. Would you like to see the King and Queen? he said.

Who would not? Quickly donning their battle-bowlers, the girls stepped out of the schoolroom. In a minute or two a police car came up the hill with an Air Force car on its tail, but no royal car. Instead, on bottom gear, toiled a double-deck bus, with the royal car meekly following. The girls laughed too much to cheer, and the King and Queen were laughing heartily, too.

And so for the length of the long hill the strange procession moved, the bus-driver quite unconscious of the position. So we carry on in the democracies.

## The 30 Volunteers

Early this year, Sister Penelope Frater, who nursed through the Boer War and the Great War, stood looking sadly at the smoking ruins of her home in Sutherland, New South Wales, for it had been destroyed by the bush fires during the terrible heat-wave.

The other day she moved into a brand new home which had been built for her by thirty comrades of the war years. They were builders, carpenters, bricklayers, electricians, and other tradesmen who gave their services free of charge, working at weekends and in their spare moments.

Some of Sister Frater's neighbours collected money for the rebuilding; others gave a kitchen stove, a copper, cement, and bricks. How much kindness there is in the world if we would only look for it!

## HOUSES THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

NOT far from Lowestoft is the village of Pakefield, a quaint, old-fashioned place which is gradually dropping into the sea.

Slowly and surely the waves are undermining the cliffs, and during this century the village green and nearly a hundred houses have disappeared. Now comes the news that the last house in Cliff Road has gone, the owner, having removed his possessions, standing with a crowd of people on the cliff top and watching his home vanish into the sea with hundreds of tons of cliff.

Many places on the east coast have disappeared in this way, or have retreated before the relentless sea, the best-known example being Dunwich, which was once an important town but now is little but a cluster of houses huddled together as though to protect each other from the fate that overtook their neighbours. Less well known is the story of the three houses that slipped away on the Kent coast, where from Lympne to Dover are some of the noblest cliffs in England—noble but treacherous.

One of them stands halfway down the cliff in front of Lympne, one of the finest houses, with one of the grandest views, for miles round. It is called French House because France is seen from its windows. It was built at the top of the cliff, a splendid timber house, and there it stood until one

night in 1726, when its foundations slipped with a great fall of cliff and the house slid down and settled 50 feet below. It happened with surprising quietness, and by a miracle the old house deposited itself on a solid spot half down the cliff.

It then belonged to a farmer and his wife, and the story as told by the Kent historian, Edward Hasted, is that the family knew nothing of the journey they had taken until they woke the next morning.

The second house slipped down the hill some time about 1880, when a strip of land with a cottage on it slid down somewhere below Acrise, a little north of Folkestone. Once more the cottage took with it its foundations, and the people in the house escaped.

The third house slipped down while the Great War was raging, and Folkestone was embarking multitudes of men for France. It was in the second December of the war, when thousands of tons of cliff fell over the railway into the sea. Its removal and the reconstruction of the line cost hundreds of thousands of pounds. It formed a plateau of 60,000 square yards nearly 1000 feet long and 600 feet out to sea. A porter was able to save a train and 130 people, who walked back through the tunnel, and a married couple in a house at the top of the cliff were able to escape and to see their home move 50 yards away.

## SHALL GOOD OR EVIL POSSESS MANKIND?

In these words Mr Hore-Belisha, Minister of War (Minister of Peace as he loves to call himself), closed one of the best speeches of his career, broadcast to the nation.

THERE is something more, something greater, in this war than a combat between opposing armies.

There is a conflict between the forces of good and the forces of evil, and what has to be determined is which shall possess the soul of countries and of man.

We did not enter the fight merely to reconstitute Czechoslovakia; nor do we fight merely to reconstitute a Polish State.

## We Are Not So Free in Wartime

*Cromwell believed in liberty, but not necessarily when his house was on fire!*

We are so unaccustomed to warlike conditions in this land, where no invader has set foot for hundreds of years except as a prisoner, that it takes time for us to learn that places free and open to us all in times of peace, become forbidden areas during war.

We have no right to approach a military area after nightfall except by official permission. If we do an armed sentry may challenge us. So challenged, it is our duty to stop immediately and answer the questions the regulations permit the sentry to ask.

The private citizen may be challenged even on the public footpath if that footpath leads past a place of military importance. Should the person challenged ignore or defy the sentry, the soldier may fire, or the Law may prosecute the person guilty of the indiscretion.

Our aims are not defined by geographical frontiers. We are concerned with the frontiers of the human spirit.

This is no war about a map. It is a war to re-establish the conditions in which nations and individuals—including, may I say, the German nation and individuals—can live or live again.

There can be no question of our wavering in any degree. This tyranny, whose challenge we have accepted, must and will be abased.

Only the defeat of Nazi Germany can lighten the darkness which now shrouds our cities and lighten the horizon for all Europe and the world.

## A Tale of Two Cooks

St Dunstan's had a pleasant surprise the other day when an old lady called at Regent's Park and handed over a packet containing fifty £1 notes.

It had been sent, she said, by another old lady who was a cook in the neighbourhood and was always greatly moved on seeing the blind men of St Dunstan's. She had, moreover, bequeathed all her savings to St Dunstan's, but now, having been taken seriously ill, was anxious that £50 of them should be given while she still lived.

We are reminded by this of the good deed of another cook long ago. On the high altar in the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey are two candlesticks which were paid for out of the savings of the cook at Westminster School, who in 1694 bequeathed all she had for this purpose. Nearly two and a half centuries have passed and still the good deed is manifest.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

A Belgian farmer's horse which was commandeered by the army has found its way home without bridle or reins.

The last public acts of General Booth were at Nottingham, where she opened her father's birthplace as a hostel and dedicated a tablet in the chapel in Broad Street where he dedicated his life to God eighty years ago.

The old burial ground of St George the Martyr in Bloomsbury has been given to the Foundling Hospital for the use of children under school age.

*The Government subsidy toward the ploughing up of grassland has been extended until the end of March.*

The National Art-Collections Fund has bought the magnificent suite of furniture made for the Gallery at Temple Newsam in 1745; it will be in its old position when this historic building near Leeds is opened to the public on Armistice Day.

So smoothly did the registration of the first class called up for National Service work throughout the country that the grand total was announced within a few hours of the last signature.

The Government has asked that, for the present, no letters should be sent to Germany, so the Association at Geneva referred to in the C N last week is not to be used.

*In response to an appeal for literature a parcel was received containing a county directory for 1875, an elementary textbook on physics, a cookery book, and a novel by Silas Hocking.*

It was the dearest wish of his heart, the Maharaja of Bikaner told his Army the other day, to take his place in the fighting line, though he was 60; he has offered his sword and hisson to the king.

Leningrad is to have a river port seven miles long.

*There has been a pitiful increase in road deaths by night, the figures for September 1938 having doubled this September.*

When the Holland-America liner Veendam arrived at Rotterdam from the United States the log book of the aircraft-carrier Courageous was handed over by the captain. It had been found floating on the water.

*A kitten fell 450 feet down the shaft of Breich Pit, West Calder, and was found at the bottom quite uninjured.*

The National Institute for the Blind has issued Braille instructions so that the sightless women all over the country may knit for the wounded in hospital.

## Proxy Parents

There must be times when parents would give anything to be able to wave a magic wand and produce someone to take their offspring off their hands for a little while.

In New York an organisation called Proxy Parents has been founded by young Miss Alison Raymond, a university graduate and specialist in child work. "Proxy Parents Inc." are on call 24 hours a day. They take children to boarding schools in the country, meet them coming home at the railway station, take them shopping, and in other ways are proving a boon to parents.

## THINGS SEEN

One of Basingstoke's chief townsmen throwing his cigarette litter in the street.

A white sparrow flying about Flixton, near Fife.

A white whale 100 feet long off the coast of Maine.

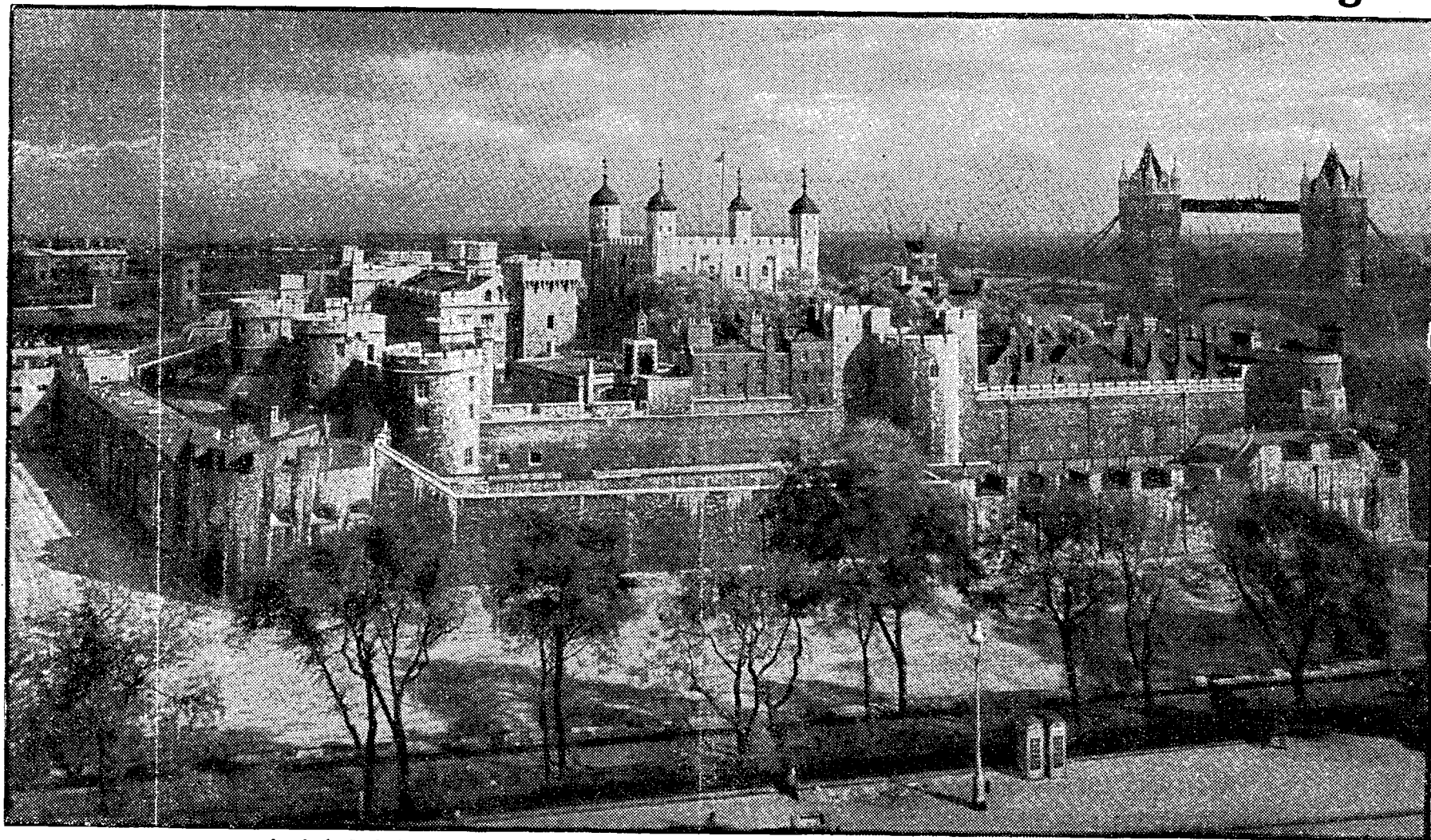


November 4, 1939

*The Children's Newspaper*

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# *Sport Carries On · Sunshine Over London · The Horse Again*



London's Ancient Fortress—A burst of autumn sunshine on William the Conqueror's citadel, the Tower of London



Sport Carries On—Hospital students jumping for the ball in a Rugby game in London



One Horse-Power—The Army is not short of petrol, but the horse is still very useful



# What Happened in South Africa

## THE MOVING STORY OF A GREAT DECISION

**F**IRMLY and steadily General Smuts is directing the policy of South Africa so that all its people will stand with the rest of the British Commonwealth in their great fight for the freedom of the world.

Behind the loyalty of Dutch and English-speaking citizens, strengthening as the days pass, is one of the most inspiring stories in the history of our century, a story little known in this country but one which will take a proud place in the schoolbooks of future generations.

### Return of General Smuts

The C.N., which has always insisted that no finer gesture was ever made from Westminster than the Liberal Government's gift of self-government to the Boers (Mr Winston Churchill presenting the Bill to Parliament), is proud to record the final result of that generous action towards an enemy beaten in war.

It concerns the few hours which led to the fall from power of General Hertzog on the first Monday in September, and the return as Prime Minister of General Smuts with the support of a majority of the United Party of South Africa. Both these old enemies of the British in the Boer War are now old in years, but, whereas one of them becomes younger in mind with the passing of the years, the other (General Hertzog) has, in spite of many admirable qualities, become dogmatic and autocratic, almost a second Kruger. Paul Kruger was, of course, the old Boer President whose obstinacy stood in the way of peace so long ago.

Colonel Deney's Reitz, Minister of Native Affairs, is now in London, having come over to see what can be done to co-ordinate the war services of the Empire. He is a most welcome friend for he has served us well, and it is to him that we owe the story we are now to tell.

On the eve of his departure from the Cape Colonel Reitz told his fellow Afrikaans something of those hours which were so vital to the future of this great Dominion, perhaps of the British Commonwealth itself.

### Neutral or Belligerent?

The question was, Should South Africa be neutral in the Hitler War?

Now (said Colonel Reitz), during the six years in which General Hertzog had been Premier, with General Smuts as second Minister, Cabinet rule had degenerated into one-man rule. Ministers were rarely consulted, frequently swallowing their opinions because they wished to preserve that unity which has been growing so rapidly between the two nations. General Smuts willingly took a secondary place for the good of the common cause. All through his political life General Hertzog had laid down the law with the words, "This is what I am going to do."

All he would say during the growing crisis was, "Hitler is bluffing," and

when the news came of the invasion of Poland he said not a word all that momentous Friday. Parliament met on Saturday, members asked and asked again, and all General Hertzog would say was that he would make a statement on Monday. But, summoning his Cabinet at four o'clock, he said, I am going to remain neutral, and under no conditions allow South Africa to enter this war.

General Smuts and the rest of the Cabinet argued in vain with him for hours. There were moments when you could have heard a pin drop. You could sense, and sense deeply, says Colonel Reitz, the historic importance of the occasion, with General Smuts quietly murmuring, "This is the most vital decision I have had to make in my life."

All Sunday his colleagues tried to dissuade their chief, but he was adamant. Then, making it clear that they were not going to support him in Parliament the next day, they withdrew to frame that famous amendment which brought South Africa into the Hitler War.

### The Fruit of His Labours

Here speaks Colonel Reitz himself on this great decision:

*Speaking as one of the older Afrikaans stock; speaking as an old republican; speaking as one who for three years fought against the British and, sooner than submit to British rule, went to Madagascar as an exile; speaking as the son of an old President, I feel that if South Africa had remained neutral in this war we would have been shamed in the face of the world.*

*Our future is as much at stake as the future of Great Britain. Should we have stood out and let Britain and France fight our battles? It would have been such a cowardly thing that we could never again have held up our heads. I feel that the vast majority of the Afrikaans and English-speaking people are behind General Smuts in the greatest crisis we have ever had.*

The colonel's moving words are thrilling through the Union, for his is a name of which all Afrikaans are proud. His father was President of the Orange Free State when that little country was preparing to fight, if need be, for what it believed to be its freedom. He himself suffered in the cause of his fellow countrymen, and has since been working with all his power to bring about that merging of the two races to which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman looked forward in those brief months when he was Prime Minister of the British people after the Boer War. Now he sees the fruit of his labours, and with General Smuts at the helm the South African ship of state will, we hope, sail into smoother waters for the happiness and welfare of all its people.



Colonel Reitz

# COURAGE NEVER DIES

## The Noble Deeds That Are Saving Our Freedom

**I**N the hearts of brave men courage never dies.

In this war it has leapt up like a flame to light the dark waters of the sea where death and destruction lie in wait on every hand.

Did you see the story of the sailor who leapt overboard in the dark with a rope tied round him, and tied to his rope men and women struggling in the water, swimming with them back to the ship? Deeds like this are everywhere today, and will thrill the pages of our history.

On the British Navy's roll of honour a star will be set against the name of Commander Richard Frank Jolly, commanding the destroyer Mohawk. In the raid by German airmen on the Firth of Forth bombs dropped by his ship, and then the bombers, sweeping lower, machine-gunned the men on deck.

Commander Jolly, manœuvring his destroyer, was one of those struck by the rain of bullets. He was mortally wounded, but remained on the bridge.

His hour had come. He knew it, but from the bridge he brought his destroyer back to her moorings; then and then only, when there was nothing more to be done, he gave up his life for his country. He collapsed on deck, his duty done.

### The Tradition of Our Navy

Such is the tradition of the British Navy. Flaming courage leads it to contempt of danger and to high adventure, but cool determination carries it on to the end when all seems lost.

By the side of Commander Jolly's heroism may be set the story of the British submarine which, crippled and all but helpless, carried on, escaping destruction by one attack after another, and crawled home to safety.

The submarine was on patrol, when shortly before breakfast an enemy depth charge quite near assured her commander that not only was he in enemy waters, but perilously near enemy watchers. He began to rise to take a look round, but almost at once another depth charge exploded so near to the submarine that it blew out some of its fuses. The commander realised with a shock that he was being hunted.

Down he went again, the crew lying down flat so as not to breathe more of their valuable reserve of oxygen than they could help. They counted six explosions in an hour as the enemy groped for them with depth charges, electrically operated bombs, and sweep wires. The submarine lay on the bottom, waiting, waiting. What else could they do?

Well, we know what they did. They started a guessing competition on the time the next explosion would shake the hull. There was plenty of opportunity for finding the winners. For the next hour the explosions took place every two minutes. Then there was a lull.

They hardly dared to breathe again, and just before tea-time they heard the sound of a sweeping wire grating over the hull. Death seemed to be

clutching at them and the expected happened. An explosion more violent than any before seemed as if it had smashed their prison.

It put out every light at once, and in the darkness the crew could hear the sound of the air hissing as it escaped from half a dozen leaks in the air pressure system. They lit the flash lamps and found a motor and both engines out of action. By the light of the torches they did what they could to plug the leaks and get the lighting system in working order again. The First Lieutenant led the way in passing round a bag of peppermints.

The air was growing fouler and fouler. Soon it would be too foul to breathe. Then the Commander made his decision. Darkness was near. He mustered his little band of officers and men and told them what he meant to do. He would blow out the ballast tanks, if they held; and they might not, but if they did the submarine would rise to the surface.

### Coming Up to Fight

Once there, crippled as she was, they would fight it out. Better to do that than die like rats in a trap. So his crew thought, and they joyfully accepted the chance their commander offered, and if the worse came to the worst they would blow the ship up rather than allow her to fall into enemy hands.

Blowing the tanks was a perilous expedient. The pressure inside the submarine, because of the air leaks, had risen very high. When the tanks were blown the air pressure blew the Commander's binoculars above his head, and would have discharged him into the sea had not a heavy-weight A.B. been clutching him by the legs.

Once up the commander peered around. There was nothing in sight. But with periscope gone, wireless smashed, engines disabled, and one motor gone the submarine was in a sorry plight. It had come up. It could not go down again.

But the engineer and the crew compelled miracles to happen. The engineer got first the starboard and then the port engine to work again. The wireless man put the wireless right. That was a crowning mercy, and they made use of it first to send out a warning to other submarines to keep out of the danger area. Then they sent out their second message, to their base, asking for help.

### Limping Home Undaunted

Then, like a wounded gull on the waters, they waited for events. They had not long to wait. In the afternoon they sighted an approaching flight of enemy bombers. That seemed likely to finish them. But the bombers never saw them, and the enemy passed.

At midnight the call to the submarine's base was answered. Destroyers came racing across the sea to help, and a cruiser followed at dawn.

They were saved, but one more experience was waiting for them before they limped home. The enemy bombing planes came back to attack a target they could not miss. But this was a target that could fire back, and the last bombing attack crumpled up.



## CHANGING THE FACE OF INDIA

Modern steel is changing the ancient face of India.

One evidence of this is the great steel suspension bridge now being built across the Hooghli River in Calcutta to replace the old pontoon bridge.

As new roads are built through the cities modern structures of steel are springing up along them, taking the place of the old dome-like stone buildings with walls several feet thick. Steel buildings are found to be much cooler than stone ones.

Most of the steel used is made in India, and it is interesting to learn that one Parsee steelworks firm produces 50,000 tons of steel a month.

### BY GLIDER POST

All eyes were on the glider which was towed to a height of 7000 feet and then cut loose in Frankfort, Michigan, the other day, for it was the first official flight of a glider carrying mail.

The machine took three-quarters of an hour to glide to its destination 30 miles away—the aerodrome at Traverse City, where it landed like a bird, and the pilot stepped out and proudly handed the mail bag to the postmaster.

### A NEW STEP IN TELEVISION

A new invention in television which makes the picture on the screen more like a magazine illustration has just been acquired by the Radio Corporation of America.

It is an interesting method of building up the televised picture on the cathode ray screen in the form of large and small dots or spots, as a half-tone illustration is built up of tiny dots of varying size. It seems to have many good qualities in the direction of improving the photographic or artistic quality of the televised image, and is the invention of two English engineers.

### THE UNEMPLOYED EMPLOY THEMSELVES

While other people talk about the possibilities of growing more food, unemployed from Liverpool and district are getting on with the job. They have asked for and got permission to use a piece of ground that would in normal circumstances have been used for building houses, and have begun to dig it over ready for early planting next year.

### THE MAGIC DRESS

Small boys could not be drawn away from one of the exhibits at the Chemical Industries Exposition held in Sydney not long ago for a young lady invited spectators to squirt ink over her dress. She was not at all afraid that the ink would stain her frock, because its material had been waterproofed with a new chemical called Velan. This new process is invisible and the ink could be seen rolling off her frock without leaving a mark!

### AN OLD FAVOURITE HERE AGAIN

The Annuals are beginning to make their appearance on the bookstalls, a sure reminder, if one were needed, that the long dark evenings are with us again.

Girls and boys from six to fourteen will find Bubbles Annual an excellent fireside companion. The latest edition of this old favourite contains a hundred big pages, 34 of them being in colour, and there are funny stories, adventure tales, and over 200 pictures. Bubbles Annual is splendid value at four shillings.

## The Old Captain Moves His Compass

AN old compass and a gold watch have just become the prized possessions of one of the most interesting museums in New Brunswick, the Beauséjour Museum.

They recall an epic of the sea, for they belonged to one of the first settlers of Shediac, adventurous Captain William Milne.

Late one afternoon in the days when Napoleon was at war with England, Captain Milne met and was captured by a French man-of-war in the English Channel.

The French took the English sailors prisoners aboard their vessel, but they left Captain Milne and the cabin boy aboard the English ship. They set the course for the shores of France, put Captain Milne at the wheel, and then went below to celebrate. On

being left in charge the intrepid sea captain seized the opportunity to change the course for English shores, placing a steel spike in such a way that the compass remained pointing towards France.

Early the next morning he spied a British warship and hoisted distress signals. Then he and the cabin boy closed and fastened the hatchway, imprisoning the French below! The man-of-war came alongside and sent a boatload of sailors aboard, who captured the French after a fierce fight. Then the warship escorted Captain Milne into the Port of London, where he was treated as a hero and presented with the valuable gold watch which, with the compass, has now been presented to the Museum by Captain Milne's descendants.

### WHERE THERE'S A WILL

Schools in the neighbourhood of West Hartlepool are closed, so Dorothy and Freda Hall and Beryl and Enid Wheelhouse, all enthusiastic girls, have opened their own school in a garage.

Freda is 11, Dorothy 14, Beryl and Enid are both 13, and all love lessons so much that, instead of making holiday all the time their schools are closed owing to evacuation, they have organised lessons for small children. Nearly a score of children attend the garage academy, learning reading, writing, and arithmetic. They sit in improvised desks, and occasionally have natural history lessons.

### WARM HEARTS MOVED BY THIS CRUEL WAR

The Lifeboat Institution has received many special gifts since the war started.

Chief of them is a promised gift of £7500 from a lady to provide a motor lifeboat for a station on the south coast. Another lady, who had already given over £500, sent another £50 on the outbreak of war. The Grace Darling House of Luton High School, a regular contributor to lifeboats, has sent an extra 30 shillings.

Twenty pounds have come anonymously from Basingstoke, and another anonymous gift of £3 has come from a subscriber who had had a stroke of luck.

A crew at Greenhithe has also started saving twopence a week for the lifeboats, and the twopences will mount up finely from all the men.

### THE LECTURER'S NEW SUIT

The other day in Toronto a talk on synthetic material was given by a man wearing a suit made of flexible glass, a tie made of skimmed milk, and a pair of synthetic rubber heels on his shoes fashioned from water, coal, salt, and brimstone!

### HOW FAR CAN A SUBMARINE SIGNAL?

Some fascinating experiments carried out in the United States have shown how difficult it is for a submarine when submerged to wireless.

Water quickly absorbs the wireless waves, but it has been found that longer wave-lengths carry much farther than the short. Salt water is also much more difficult to traverse than fresh. A submarine if only submerged a short distance can thus signal over considerable distances, but only over quite short distances if at any big depth below the surface.

### LEGAL PHRASEOLOGY

Not even a war can stifle British humour.

It seems that legal phraseology has soaked into the men at work on the Law Courts, for the other day one of them inadvertently dropped a bucket which narrowly missed his mate some yards below. Had the lucky man lost his temper we should not have been surprised, but he did not. With the merest raising of the eyebrows he remarked, "Really, Bill, this is most irregular."

## THE SEARCH FOR A TRUE BLUE

A beautiful blue dye has been discovered for use in printing colour photographs in magazines and designs on textiles. It gives printers a really perfect colour, for which chemists have been in search for half a century, all blue dyes suitable for printing inks being poor reflectors of light compared with other colours. The new dye is named copper phthalocyanine, and is made by the famous du Pont Company of New Jersey.

### AT LAST

Each year for the last five years Protestants in a suburb of Sydney have worshipped in what must be one of the queerest churches in the world—an old bakehouse!

As there was no church for miles around Anglicans, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists decided to join together at services in the ugly building with its bare cement floor and its galvanised iron roof. They took their chairs with them, and Sunday after Sunday they saved their collection until now, amid wild rejoicing, the foundations of a new Presbyterian church have been laid.

### THE ELEPHANT TAKES A REST

It has long been a debatable question whether or not it is natural for elephants to lie down.

In a report of the Game Department of Uganda just issued an observer tells how one day, when he was watching a herd of sixty elephants, he saw a bull lie down and carefully rest its head against an ant hill. He stayed in this position for ten minutes, and then only got up when another animal nearly trod on him.

Another time the same observer was standing within 40 yards of three bull elephants when one of them lay flat on his side, stretched out like a dog! After about a quarter of an hour he got up again and began looking for something to eat.

A game warden in the Albert National Park saw a massive creature lying in a shallow pool and on looking closer saw that it was an elephant, looking the picture of laziness, with its head resting comfortably on a bank at the pool's edge!

### NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Hoe and clean between the rows of cabbage, and remove decaying leaves.

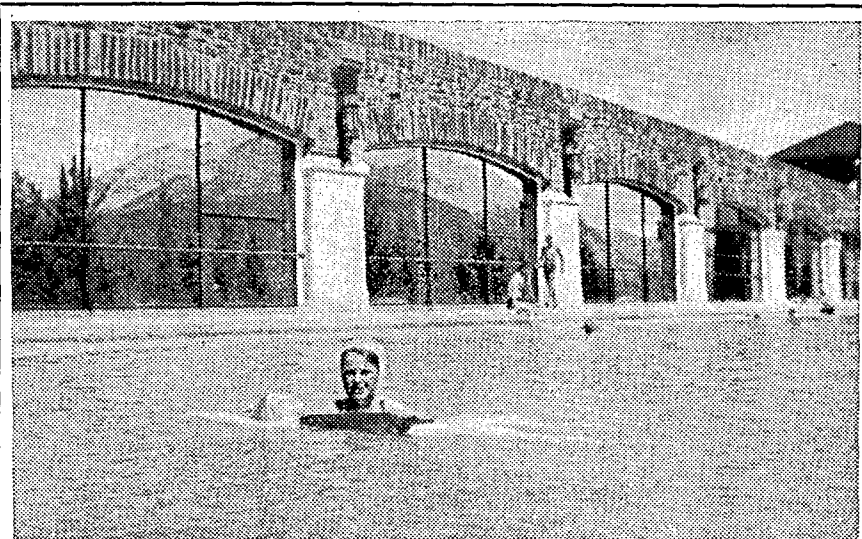
Cauliflowers that have formed nearly full-sized heads should have a leaf or two broken over them as protection from slight frosts.

Push forward the planting of all kinds of trees and shrubs while the weather keeps mild, and before the temperature of the soil is reduced so considerably as to check root action.

### THE GAS BUS

Five years work on the application of coal-gas as fuel for the motor-bus has been crowned with success. The Newcastle Gas Company has shown that gas fuel has rivalled petrol in pulling power and acceleration. For twelve months a gas-bus has run successfully.

If need arises, therefore, we can run our motor-buses without imported fuel; there is no reason at present to suppose that oil ships (oil-tankers) will fail, but the Government is wisely rationing the use of petrol.



### WINDOWS TO THE MOUNTAINS

Two CN readers bathing in a pool at Banff in the Canadian Rockies. The water comes from hot springs and even when snow is on the mountains swimming may be enjoyed in warm water.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 4 1939

ARE WE GOOD  
TENANTS?

WE live in an ancient and beautiful house; our country is our home, our garden, and our workshop. But what are we, owners, or tenants who have a lease for a time?

Some of our people act as if it were their own and they could do what they liked with it. They do not remember that it was here before they were and will remain after they have gone. They did not make its beauty; neither are they free to destroy it.

No; we are not owners, we are tenants, who have only what lawyers call a life interest. Tenants when they take over a house promise to leave it in good repair after their time is past. That is the least they can do; the really good tenant leaves it better than he found it. We might make this our aim, to leave these islands with no beauty lost, and with a new beauty added.

We hear of a company of British soldiers stationed for a time in a French village. Someone posted up a request to the soldiers to do no harm to the place in which they were lodged. The lines ended with the hope that when others came to take their place the newcomers might say, "A fine battalion passed this way."

It would be a good thing if others were to say, when they come to take up our quarters, "A fine company of the English passed this way."

This is not a matter of law. It is a gentleman's agreement under which we take possession for a time of this home. Better still, perhaps, we may think of ourselves as guests, and guests will never disfigure or debase the home which shelters them. We are guests in a very ancient and noble house.

What is the difference between a civilised race and an uncivilised one? A civilised race takes thought of the long past and also of the long future. It does not think only of today. It is the mark of an uncivilised being to say, "It will last out my time." A civilised people acts as a good tenant, who leaves to others the gift which he has received in good order and repair.

Everyone can help and everyone is needed.

## JUST AN IDEA

Did you read that the Bishop of Chichester was saying the other day that Justice never was done, and never can be done by means of violence? All through history it has been true and it is true.

It is true, as Sir Philip Gibbs says, you can't get far with any man if you let him know that you don't trust him.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



## The World Goes On

It is a pleasure to record that the world is doing other things than making war.

We were delighted the other evening to hear a foreign country broadcasting lessons in its language as though war were very far away. We note, too, that the great World Exhibition in Rome, promised for 1942, is not laid aside; the work, which includes the making of many miles of new roads, is in advanced preparation and great buildings are beginning to rise, some of them permanent additions to the Eternal City.

Another good item is that the colonisation of Libya and a reclamation scheme in Sicily are going forward.

## Do We Realise?

It is to be hoped that, as we are islanders, and as the sea made us, we are truly regardful of the sacrifices demanded by the sea.

The merchant sailorman has a hard life, and his colleague of the senior service, although better cared for, has to face increasing hazards. A terrible thought it is that a small vessel, of no more than 750 tons or so, can in a minute cause the doom of a 23,000-ton warship with a crew of 1200.

If we are to deserve what is done for us we must first realise that we are served and that we are in deep debt to those who serve.

## The Wonder of the Night

To many city dwellers in Europe the absence of all lights after sunset has opened up the world of stars.

People who never looked higher than the brilliantly lighted shop windows or the flickering advertisements of Piccadilly Circus are now lifting their eyes to the heavens. They are seeing for the first time the beauty of the night. It was Bishop Winnington Ingram who said that an astronomer could never be an atheist, because he sees too much of the wonders of the skies.

## £250,000 an Hour!

THE nation is facing an annual war expenditure of £2000,000,000, or nearly £250,000 an hour!

If the war lasts three years, we shall add about £4000,000,000 to the National Debt, raising it to twelve thousand millions.

These are staggering figures, but they do not convey the seriousness of the subject. They bewilder without explaining or revealing. It is well, while we are straining every nerve to win a noble peace, to remember that at the end all nations will be weaker, physically and financially. It will be still more difficult to trade abroad, and we ourselves may have to face a lower standard of living through inability to earn the imports which mean so much to us.

All the more reason, therefore, why we should pray that it may be a short war for a long peace.

## A Pyjama Tale

So familiar are cowboys in Mexico that nobody took much notice when a cowboy strode into a shop in El Paso the other day, even though he was wearing a ten-gallon hat, a brightly-coloured handkerchief knotted round his brawny neck, and the usual high-heeled boots.

The man from the wide open spaces was strolling round when a floor-walker saw him gazing spellbound at a display of gaily striped pyjamas and asked him if he could show him anything.

"What are these things?" asked the cowboy wonderingly, fingering the silk material.

"They are the very latest style in pyjamas," he answered, and was very taken aback when his customer looked at him blankly and asked him what pyjamas were?

"Well, you know, things you wear at night," explained the floor-walker.

"Oh, well, if that's what they are I don't think I'll have them," said the cowboy. "I don't go out much at night."

## Under the Editor's Table

RAILWAY companies are trying to stop third class passengers from travelling first. They should all travel at the same time.

THE woman window cleaner has arrived in London. She is up to her job.

MEMBERS of the Croydon A R P are being given Spelling Bees. To make them realise life isn't all honey.

AN expert declares that guns will not produce rain. He ought to try polishing the car.

YOU have to take sides in a war, says a speaker. Some people go to the front.

EVERYONE should sing to avoid collisions in the dark, someone advises. Suppose their voices clashed?

SHOE repairs should not cost more. If they do we shall not put our foot down.

Peter Puck  
Wants to Know

What an airman keeps in his air pockets

## MORNING GLORY

OUR home in a small Suffolk village, entered so joyfully in the merry month of May, was being emptied of its furniture.

One owner of the house was called to the defences of the far-off coast of Scotland; the other had returned to close the home and follow. It was late September. In the grey early morning of one of her last days there, her heart felt heavy and she went into the garden for consolation.

Suddenly she stopped, amazed. Against the pale yellow wall of the friendly old house there shone, literally shone, one perfect bloom of Morning Glory. It was of great size and blue as the vault of heaven. A five-pointed star was clearly defined upon it, outlined in a deeper blue and a pale radiant light shone at its centre. She gazed and gazed, all her heaviness gone. Although no sun lit the sky, one bright Morning Star shone there in its wonder and its beauty.

Then she crossed the lane. "Come," she said to one of her neighbours, "and see something utterly beautiful, a message to you and me."

The woman stood before the flower, silent; then she spoke.

"The star," she exclaimed; "the star in the sky and the star in the garden! How wonderful it is. I had been feeling downhearted this morning; now I feel as if God had spoken."

"That was how I felt, too," replied her friend. "He has reminded us of the joy no man can take from us."

Then came the one-armed sailor to pump water. He, too, stood gazing silently at the Morning Glory, his blue eyes filling with tears. "It is a happy thing," he said, "a happy thing."

## SOLO

GERMANY'S Reichstag meets once more,

Ja! says the Reichstag, Ja!  
To hear the speech it has heard before,  
Ja! says the Reichstag, Ja!

It has no voice and it has no views,  
It just comes in on the chorus cues  
With the only word it's allowed to use:  
Ja! says the Reichstag, Ja!

Deputies heel and click their heels,  
Ja! says the Reichstag, Ja!  
Quite as human as well-trained seals,  
Ja! says the Reichstag, Ja!

Hitler herring without their roes,  
Hitler Yes-men without their Noes,  
Hitler's claque for his one-man shows,  
Ja! says the Reichstag, Ja!

## What the Hungarians Say

Blessings to those who enter our land  
and peace to those who go.

It is worth while remembering this lovely saying of the Hungarian people in these days when coming and going is not so pleasant among travellers.

Of thine unspoken word thou art master; thy spoken word is master of thee. To be silent and to let your silence be understood is the eloquence of difficult situations. Lamartine



## John Bull's Price of Glory

JOHN BULL can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of Glory: Taxes! Taxes upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon everything which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on everything on earth, and the waters under the earth; on everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health; on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal; on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice; on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride; at bed or board, *couchant* or *levant*, we must pay.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top. The beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road. The dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent, into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent, flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent, makes his will on an eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a licence of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel. His virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers to be taxed no more. Sydney Smith

## With All Thy Faults I Love Thee Still

ENGLAND, with all thy faults, I love thee still,  
My country, and while yet a nook is left  
Where English minds and manners may be found  
Shall be constrained to love thee. . . .  
Praise enough  
To fill the ambition of a private man  
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue,  
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own. Cowper

## A WORD TO YOUTH

PROFESSOR HUXLEY having explained to a confident youth that no man can explain the universe, the youth asked the professor:

What, then, is the use of all your learning if you know nothing at the end of it?

Huxley: I know nothing and you know nothing, but I know why I know nothing and you don't, and that is the difference between us.

## Still More Majestic Thou Shalt Rise

THE nations not so blessed as thee  
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,  
While thou shalt flourish great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.  
Still more majestic thou shalt rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,  
As the loud blast that tears the skies  
Serves but to root thy native oak.  
Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
All their attempts to bend thee down  
Will but arouse thy generous flame  
To work their woe and thy renown. James Thomson



## A SUN WILL PIERCE THE CLOUD

It's wiser being good than bad;  
It's safer being meek than fierce:  
It's fitter being sane than mad.  
My own hope is, a sun will pierce  
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;  
That, after Last, returns the First,  
Though a wide compass round be fetched;  
That what began best can't end worst,  
Nor what God blessed once prove accursed. Robert Browning

## Salute to the Seasons

ALL our comfort is based on the regular recurrence of eternal things. The change from night to day, the succession of the seasons, of flowers and fruits, and of whatever else we look forward to enjoying at its allotted time—these are the mainspring of our life-machinery, and the more freely we open our hearts to their influence the happier we feel. Goethe

## NOVEMBER

No sun, no moon,  
No morn, no noon,  
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day;  
No sky, no earthly view,  
No distance looking blue,  
No road, no street, no t'other side the way;  
No end to any row,  
No indications where the crescents go;  
No top to any steeple,  
No recreation of familiar people,  
No courtesies for showing 'em,  
No knowing 'em!  
No travelling at all, no locomotion,  
No inkling of the way—no notion,  
"No go" by land or ocean,  
No mail, no post,  
No news from any foreign coast;  
No park, no ring, no afternoon gentility;  
No company, no nobility;  
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,  
No comfortable feel in any member,  
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds  
—November! Tom Hood

## Little Drops of Water

LITTLE drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.

Thus our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the path of virtue  
Far in sin to stray

Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our Earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy  
Sown by youthful hands  
Grow to bless the nations  
Far in heathen lands.

Ebenezer Cobham Brewer

## GREAT NATIONS

NATIONS are not truly great solely because the individuals composing them are numerous, free, and active; but they are great when these numbers, this freedom, and this activity are employed in the service of an ideal higher than that of an ordinary man, taken by himself. Matthew Arnold

## THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S

We cannot help feeling that the German Chancellor might well read this psalm of David and learn that the earth is not his.

THE earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

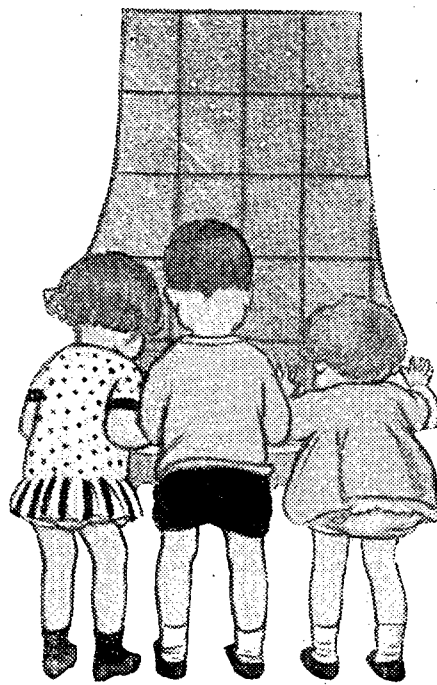
Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

## The Little Star

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star;  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,  
When he nothing shines upon,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.



Then the traveller in the dark  
Thanks you for your tiny spark;  
He could not tell which way to go  
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,  
And often through my curtains peep;  
For you never shut your eye  
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark  
Lights the traveller in the dark,  
Though I know not what you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star. Jane Taylor

## There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat,  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures. Shakespeare

## A Word From Keats For the Nazi Crew

As we think of the fate of Hitler's victims, Pastor Niemoller and a host of others in concentration camps, we remember this sonnet of Keats and read it for our consolation.

WHAT though, for showing truth to flattered state,

Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he,

In his immortal spirit, been as free  
As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.

Minion of grandeur! think you he did wait?

Think you he nought but prison walls did see,

Till, so unwilling, thou unturnedst the key?

Ah, no! far happier, nobler was his fate!

In Spenser's halls he strayed, and bowers fair,

Culling enchanted flowers; and he flew

With daring Milton through the fields of air;

To regions of his own his genius true  
Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair

When thou art dead, and all thy wretched crew? John Keats

## A Soldier of Liberation

I KNOW not if I deserve that a laurel-wreath should one day be laid on my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me but a divine plaything. I have never attached any great value to poetical fame; and I trouble myself very little whether people praise my verses or blame them. But lay on my coffin a sword, for I was a brave soldier in the Liberation War of humanity. Heinrich Heine

## The Prayer of John Keats

WHEN by my solitary hearth I sit,  
And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom;  
When no fair dreams before my mind's eye flit,  
And the bare heath of life presents no bloom;  
Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me shed  
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.  
In the long vista of the years to roll,  
Let me not see our country's honour fade;  
O let me see our land retain her soul,  
Her pride, her freedom, and not freedom's shade.  
From thy bright eyes unusual brightness shed,  
Beneath thy pinions canopy my head.  
Let me not see the patriot's high bequest,  
Great Liberty! how great in plain attire!  
With the base purple of a court oppressed,  
Bowing her head, and ready to expire;  
But let me see thee stoop from heaven on wings  
That fill the skies with silver glitterings.

## THE LOWEST THING

NATIONAL hatred is a curious thing.  
You will always find it strongest and most passionate on the lowest level of civilisation. There is a stage where it disappears altogether, where, in a sense, we rise above the nations, and feel the joys and the sorrows of a neighbouring people as though they had come to our own. Goethe

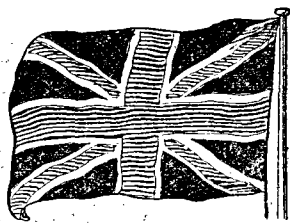
## Thy Work is Thine

THOU . . . rejoice with liberal joy,  
Lift up thy rocky face,  
And shatter, when the storms are black,  
In many a streaming torrent back,  
The seas that shock thy base! Tennyson



## OUR 5 NATIONAL ANTHEMS

God save our gracious King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God save the King!  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King!



Thy choicest gifts in store  
On him be pleased to pour,  
Long may he reign.  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice,  
God save the King!

### RULE, BRITANNIA!

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,  
Arose from out the azure main,  
This was the charter of her land,  
And guardian angels sang the strain:  
Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!  
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee  
Must in their turn to tyrants fall;  
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,  
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,  
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;  
As the loud blast that tears the skies  
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;  
All their attempts to bend thee down  
Will but arouse thy generous flame  
And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;  
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;  
All thine shall be the subject main,  
And every shore it circles thine.

The Muses, still with freedom found,  
Shall to thy happy coast repair;  
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crowned  
And manly hearts to guard the fair.  
Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves!  
Britons never shall be slaves.

### JERUSALEM

AND did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?

And was the Holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear: O clouds, unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake

### LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY

DEAR Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned,  
God make thee mightier yet!  
On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned,  
Once more thy crown is set.  
Thine equal laws, by freedom gained,  
Have ruled thee well and long;  
By freedom gained, by truth maintained,  
Thine Empire shall be strong.

Thy fame is ancient as the days,  
As ocean large and wide;  
A pride that dares, and heeds not praise,  
A stern and silent pride;  
Not that false joy that dreams content  
With what our sires have won;  
The blood a hero sire hath spent  
Still nerves a hero son.

Land of Hope and Glory, mother of the free,  
How shall we extol thee who are born of thee?  
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set;  
God, who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet.

A. C. Benson

### O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home.

Beneath the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly forgotten as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while troubles last  
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts

## The Spirit of a Great Runs Through I

THE Age of Adventure is not dead, we say, seeing the great adventure free men everywhere are willing to make for freedom.

How often do we remember that this spirit of adventure runs through Nature's kingdom? There is a wide-spread quality of adventure that commands our admiration and excites in us a fellow-feeling. We share in the victories of humbler adventurers.

No doubt the power of such achievements as migrating to evade the winter, or of colonising the abysses of the ocean, has been gradually perfected in the course of ages, step after step in the evolution of the animal's inborn make-up, but from beginning to end there must have been much individual initiative in the way of experiment and endeavour, testing and adventuring. Changes in inborn make-up may give the individual a fine hand of cards, but they must be played.

The kind of adventurous achievement we are thinking of may be illustrated by the water-spider, which, though belonging to a land race, breathing dry air as we do, has chosen to become an aquatic animal and to weave its web on the floor of a pool. It is interesting to see that, in spite of life under water, a considerable part of its body never gets wet. It is still more extraordinary that it should be able to buoy up its web into a chamber like a sort of diving-bell, in which the eggs are laid and the young hatched.

But the crowning instance of the conquest of a strange dwelling-place is to be found in the colonisation of the abysses of the ocean. Wherever the long arm of the dredge has reached down into that strange, dark, cold,

silent, plantless world abundant forms of animal life have been found.

A sequoia big-tree living for over two thousand years, beginning 525 years before the Christian era and ending not long ago, may be taken as an illustration of the conquest of time. That the Arctic tern should have been found by explorers wintering in the Antarctic summer surely illustrates their mastery of space.

What are we to think of the Pacific golden plover launching out from Hawaii in spring for a 2000-mile flight across a trackless waste of seas to Alaska, and returning after a nesting period of a few weeks? We are still dumb before the wonder of the sooty terns and noddy terns of the Tortugas, which can find their way back to their nests after a journey of 800 miles in a closed basket.

When a hive-bee has got to know a district it can find its way home from a distance of over half a mile. If it be taken from the hive, marked with a tiny spot of paint, put into a box, carried in our pocket for an intricate half-mile or so, and then liberated, it ascends into the air, makes a "bee-line" for home, and is there awaiting our arrival. But if it be carried out into the middle of the lake, a featureless and unknown area, it does not return. We seem justified in saying that part of the secret of the bee's homing is that it lives adventurously and gathers individual experience.

There has been a good deal of discussion in regard to the Indian rope trick. A rope is cast up into the air, observers tell us, and it seems to catch on something where there is nothing; a boy climbs up it and disappears, and

## The Story of Your

THOSE who are far from home in these days, the great multitude of boys and girls living out in the country for the first time in their lives, may well give a little time to think of the street they left and to which they hope to return. We take our street for granted, so quiet and ordinary it is in times of peace. Yet it is worth while asking why the street is quiet and who keeps it clean.

Why are we able to lie down in security? Who employs the policeman to walk there so that we may sleep in peace? The answers to these queries show us plainly what government means, and it is useful to know that, for this is a word which is often misunderstood.

Many people think government is concerned entirely with things beyond their intelligence, and many others suppose it is all settled in the House of Commons. When income tax is high the Government is blamed. It is blamed for bad trade, for dear food, even for bad harvests. Yet the lines of Dr Johnson

How small, of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.

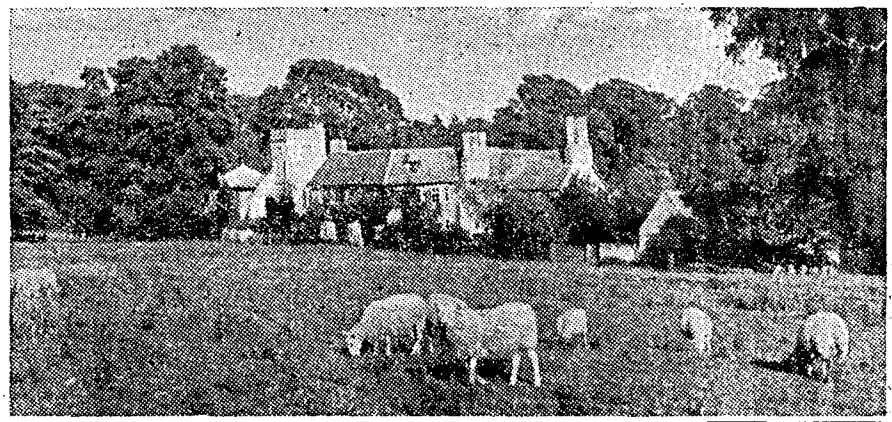
are still as true as when they were written.

Dr Johnson was thinking of government in the political sense, and that

is how most people think of it still. But the government which has much more effect on our streets is local government; and yet the men and women who take an interest in their local affairs are few. That is because they do not read about them in their newspapers as they read about politics. They get the impression that political affairs are much more important than local affairs. That is why local affairs are sometimes mismanaged, with the result that our streets are neglected or our rates go up.

Rates are local taxes. They are collected in the same way as the national taxes, but they are decreed by the local councils, not by Parliament. The national taxes pay for the national Government and all the departments, for the judges, for all officials of the State, and for Parliament. But chiefly they are spent on the Army and Navy and Air Force.

At one time it was thought that the supply of water and light, the repairing of roads, even the protection of dwellings from thieves, were matters which should be left to private enterprise; and when towns were small this was just possible. But as towns began to grow the old plan began to break down. Some kind of uniform system had to be adopted; everyone had to be called upon to contribute to the cost of it.





## Adventure life

the rope likewise vanishes. It is all rubbish, and does not happen; but everyone can see small spiders on the top of gate-posts paying out from their spinnerets long ropes of silk, till the breeze gives a tug and spiders and threads are gone.

On the wings of the wind these adventurous parachutists are carried from one village to another, from a crowded area to one less crowded, from one side of a lake to the other. It looks like the impossible for a wingless creature to journey through the air, yet it is done simply, neatly, and very effectively. The showers of gossamer that we see include some failures, but there are more successes.

There is something very satisfactory in a thrush's "kitchen-midden," the heap of empty snail-shells which the bird has broken on its stone anvil in the wood. It is the successful solution of a difficult problem—how to get at the tempting snail. In the same way there is something that commends itself to us in the way rooks will take up fresh-water mussels to a considerable height in the air and let them fall on the stones. It is highly probable that the habit may have been suggested to the birds by a chance fall of their booty, and that they took intelligent advantage of what may have had an accidental beginning.

We need not worry over the question of how much or how little intelligence there may be in these solutions of problems; the important fact is that at many different levels in the animal kingdom we find effective ways of mastering difficulties, even in the lowly starfish on the seashore, which tackles a small sea-urchin in masterly fashion.

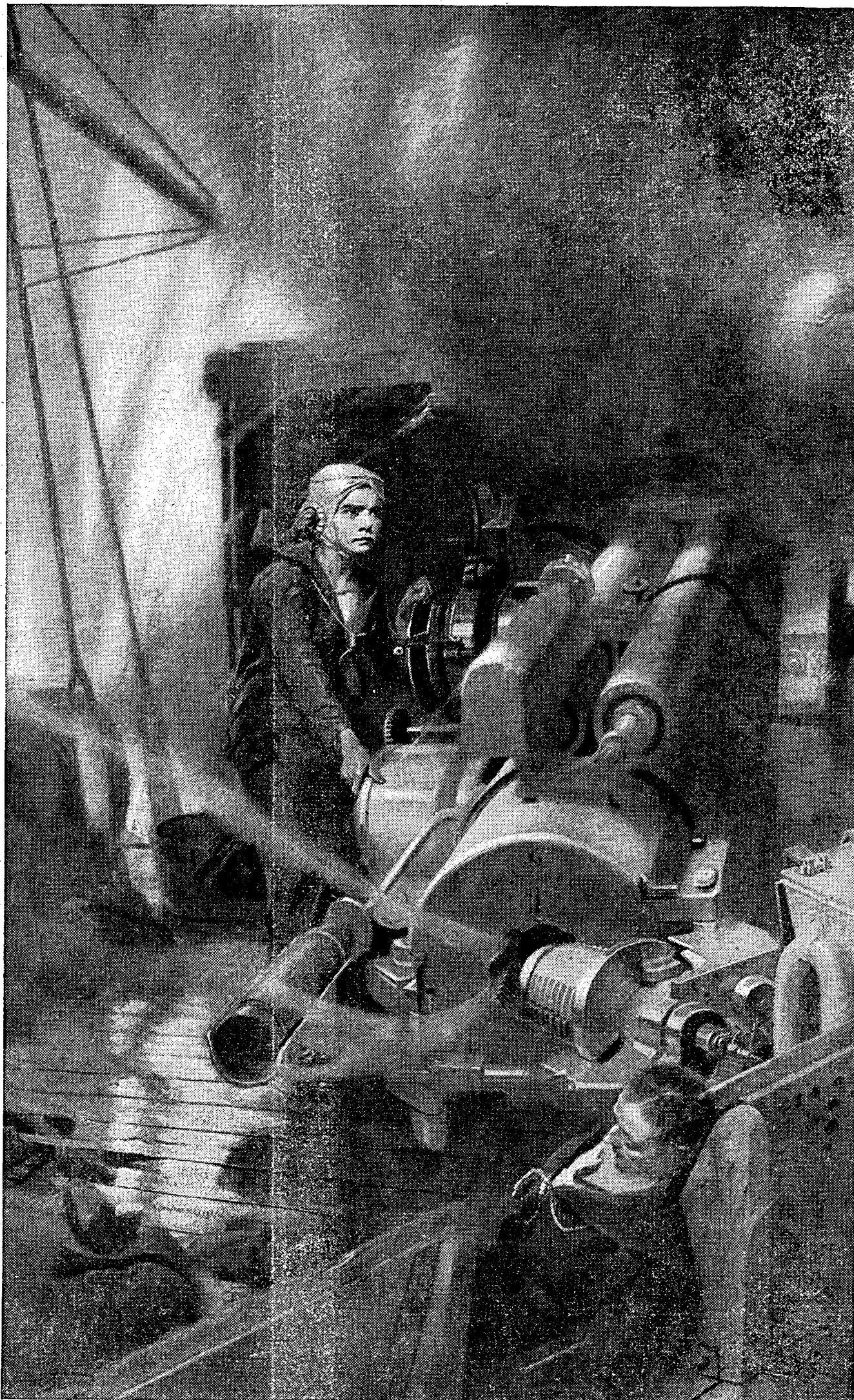
## Street

The first necessity of life to be properly organised by local authorities was the police force. Then local bodies made themselves responsible for the maintenance of roads, and next came the provision of sewers for drainage. That was a public necessity. Good health was impossible without it. Then it was suggested that all public necessities should be controlled by public bodies. Lighting and water undertakings were purchased by municipalities and managed by them.

For every city and town, every district and every parish, has its government, doing on a different scale what the national Government does for the country as a whole. If in your street the system of lighting is changed from gas to electricity Parliament at Westminster has nothing to do with it. The change is decided on and carried out by the local parliament and the local officials. To them you complain if your drainage system does not work properly or if your roadway becomes bumpy and dangerous.

Thus we can understand, having inquired into the story of our street, how vast is our system of government; what an increasing strain is put on those who are looking after our affairs for us, both national and local; and how desirable it is that all citizens should take the trouble to know how their business is being carried on.

## Bravest Boy in the Last Great War



It is good to remember in these days the heroic story of Jack Cornwell, the youngest V.C. of the last war, who stood at his gun and died there with the shells falling about him. This scene is one of Mr Frank O. Salisbury's stirring pictures of our country in wartime.



## DAME RUMOUR IS A LYING JADE

We are living in anxious days. There is much we must deplore, and news that disturbs us, but let us be sceptical about rumours.

A few days ago we heard that a German spy had been captured near our home. Neighbours had seen him, we were given to understand, and some had found him at his dastardly work of cutting telephone wires. We do not know how this local rumour started, but we know there was no truth in it. The spy had been confused with a schoolboy who was fond of making electrical experiments and had some wire in his pocket.

The other day a group of Yorkshire boys and girls called at a house where two evacuee children were staying and asked if they might be allowed to see the German prisoners!

All this goes to show how quickly rumour travels, and how easily it takes new shape. Long centuries ago a Latin writer said that in calamity any rumour is believed.

We shall be wise to be wary of all extravagant tales. Nothing is more likely than that they are fabrications. To hear a rumour and give publicity to it is foolish. Even officials are not always able to hand on truth, and, if this is so, how unlikely it is that the whispers overheard by rather credulous and hasty people should be true.

One thing we can all do at a time when there is more than enough to trouble mankind: We can see to it that we do not deliberately start a false rumour on its tragic mission.

## Two More Faithful Hounds

We gave the tale of two faithful hounds last week; here are two more.

The story of the steadfast devotion of a German shepherd dog to his master has been sweeping America.

Dog and master were holidaying in a log cabin in Brainerd, Minnesota, when the young man fell ill and died. The animal cannot believe his friend has gone away forever. For the last three months he has mounted guard day and night at the cabin door. He would starve if neighbours did not bring him food and water, but they cannot persuade him to go with them. He will not leave his vigil.

Across the world in Tokyo the Japanese have erected a statue in memory of such a dog's faithfulness.

It is in a railway station and honours Hachiko, a curly-haired dog who dearly loved a university professor. Every day he would escort him to the station, watch him climb aboard his train, and then trot home again. At five he would be at the station once more to greet his master.

One day the bottom dropped out of Hachiko's world. His master was not on the five o'clock train; he had died that day at the university. The poor dog could not think what had happened to him. He watched the arrival of every train until it became dark, and then went sadly home.

For eight years Hachiko went to the station every day to look for his master, and when he died the people of Japan were so moved by his story that they erected this statue.

## TALES OF LAST TIME

# The Boy Who Gave Thanks

HE was Richard Molesworth Denny, who was 32 when he gave his life in the middle of the war.

It may be true (who can say?) that but for the war the beauty of his life might have remained known only to a few. One of the shyest of our war poets, the light of his genius was turned inward to show the way of truth and beauty to his own heart. His instinct for perfection gave him authority, but again it had to be sought and was never imposed.

He was only twelve when he wrote A Boy's Thanksgiving, lovely in its simplicity, with a sensitiveness to Nature and a feeling of God in all things altogether astounding for a boy not in his teens. We give the first six verses and the last two:

*God's gifts so many a pleasure bring  
That I will make a thanksgiving.*

*For eyes whereby I clearly see  
The many lovely things there be;*

*For lungs to breathe the morning air,  
For nose to smell its fragrance rare;*

*For tongue to taste the fruits that grow,  
For birds that sing and flowers that blow;*

*For limbs to climb, and swim, and run,  
And skin to feel the cheerful Sun;*

*For Sun and Moon and stars in heaven,  
Whose gracious light is freely given.*

*Take Thou my thanks, O God above,  
For all these tokens of Thy love;*

*And when I am a man, do Thou  
Make me as grateful then as now.*

He was Elizabethan in his devotion to the arts. He painted, he played the piano, he wrote, he could act; he studied medicine at Barts; yet he was ever diffident, though with a touch which adorned. Like Mary listening to her Child, when Beauty spoke he hid such things in his heart.

One day he packed up his small collection of 17th and 18th century

treasures and went to Florence to study at Gordon Craig's School of Art in the Theatre. He was peaceful, perfectly happy, having found a way of life wise beyond his years. And then came the red August of 1914.

He came home thinking his doctor's training might now be put to some use, but, finding that soldiers were wanted more than doctors, he obtained a commission in the Loyal North Lancashires. He was strong and of a good courage. Nothing was too hard for him, too wearisome, too sordid. By the time he got out to France he was in charge of a company. He remained cheerful throughout the miseries of a sodden winter in the trenches, doing all he could for his men.

There was peace in his heart. He was physically courageous, for death is not frightening to him who feels that, living or dying, man is one with God and Nature. That was his creed; we know it from a poem written one day as he rested behind the trenches:

*Better far to pass away  
While the limbs are strong and young,  
Ere the ending of the day,  
Ere Youth's lusty song be sung.  
Hot blood pulsing through the veins,  
Youth's high hope a burning fire,  
Young men needs must break the chains  
That hold them from their heart's desire.*

*Come when it may, the stern decree  
For me to leave the cheery throng,  
And quit the sturdy company  
Of brothers that I work among.  
No need for me to look askance,  
Since no regret my prospect mars.  
My day was happy—and perchance  
The coming night is full of stars.*

His childhood's prayer had been answered; he was grateful. His day turned to dusk on the banks of the Somme in 1916, and night came swiftly, full of stars.

## OUR MILLIONS OF WINDOWS

It is a curious thought how very many windows we have to darken.

We have some 10,000,000 separate homes, and if we suppose each of them to have six windows we get a total of 60,000,000 windows.

If all of them were provided with light-proof curtains or blinds at a cost of only 2s a window it would mean an expenditure of no less than £6,000,000. The nation's costs in this matter are probably, much bigger than that, for house pride has demanded that, if we must be blacked out, we must still look respectable!

We see "decorative material suitable for darkening windows, only 8s 11d a yard" in one advertisement, and you can buy a dark material to line it for only another 2s 11d a yard, making 11s 11d a yard—not 12s; only 11s 11d.

At this rate, it would cost about £120,000,000 to black out the windows of Britain!

It seems to us a thousand pities that the Government did not secure a definite black-out material for windows in good time, for miles of useless stuff has been bought and sold, and a vast fortune wasted in this way.

## Peter the Hermit

The enumerators on the work of the National Register have had many interesting experiences, and on the whole have been received with kindness at each house.

One enumerator working in the North Wales area discovered Peter Nelson, aged 65, who for over 30 years has lived in a cavern on the mountainside. He is a hermit with a difference, for he has travelled widely. His cave is a disused lime kiln, which he converted into a kitchen and bedroom with a self-made cooking range and a quite modern central heating system. His address is now officially known as The Cave, and is included in the round of the local postman and the A R P warden.

## Dogs Admitted Here

"No dogs admitted" is the peremptory warning outside the Public Air Raid Shelter.

We may hope that no dog may ever want to seek shelter here, but one never can tell, and a dog left without refuge in the darkness would almost die of fright, for dogs (and cats) are terrified of explosive noises. Even Guy Fawkes night is a nightmare to them, as the C N has often pointed out.

A way out (or rather a way in) suggested by the Canine Defence League is that dog lovers who have their own private shelters should take in the refugeless dogs in time of trouble. The Canine Defence League (Victoria Station House, S.W.1) will arrange ways and means on application.

## Robert and Rita

Among the 5800 students at the State College in Pennsylvania is a young man who is always accompanied by a big German shepherd dog named Rita.

He is 21-year-old Robert Ross who, although stricken with blindness seven years ago, is letting nothing stand in the way of his great ambition to become a journalist.

There are 60 buildings in the college, but the clever "seeing-eye" dog can already pick out the seven buildings his master has to go to. The dog lies at the young student's feet during classes.

## A Short War For a Long Peace

## Rations Are Coming

WITH national registration completed, we shall soon receive our food ration books.

Rationing should be understood as the only way of securing a fair distribution of available food.

In war we realise how much is done for us in peace. More than half our food is shipped to us—conveyed by what is still one of the most dangerous of trades. The obligation is increased a hundredfold when seamen face the grave hazards of war. How many times torpedoed sailors have returned to port ready to sign on for the next ship available! It has become an essential part of modern warfare for nations to seek to conquer by starving each other out, pitting hunger against hunger. In the Great War Germany was beaten mainly by blockade.

A rationing system measures what food is raised at home or brought to us by ships and provides each citizen with a ration accordingly. If, as in the case of potatoes, there is ample supply, rationing is not needed; we are left to buy as much as we like. If, as in the case of butter, most of our supply comes by ship,

there has to be rationing to prevent the selfish from getting more than their share.

Meat, too, has to be rationed, for we import from overseas most of what we eat. So we get a ration of butcher's meat. In this connection we may note that it is impossible to ration all meat. Poultry, game, rabbits, hares, and preserved meats are not to be rationed, so that a well-to-do household can afford to supplement the meat ration with chicken, pheasants, and hares.

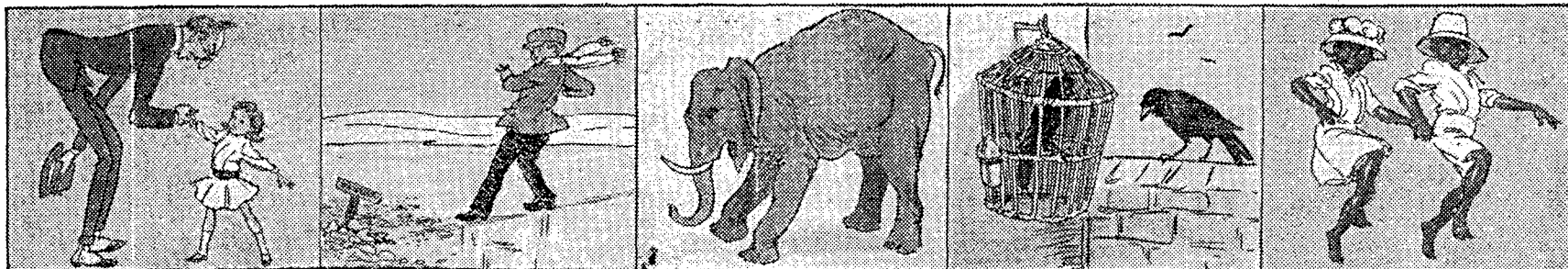
Rationing is difficult, but not so difficult as is sometimes supposed. The ration books of a town tell the authorities how much butter is needed in that town. The citizens choose the tradesmen who are to supply them. Accordingly, authority provides the required amount of butter for the town and supplies it to the various shops in accordance with the call of the customers who have chosen them.

The ration at first fixed for any food may be altered; if supplies increase the ration may be increased; if many ships are lost it will have to be reduced.



## CN WORD STRIP

## FIVE CONTRASTS



Tall and Short

Rough and Smooth

Little and Big

In and Out

Black and White

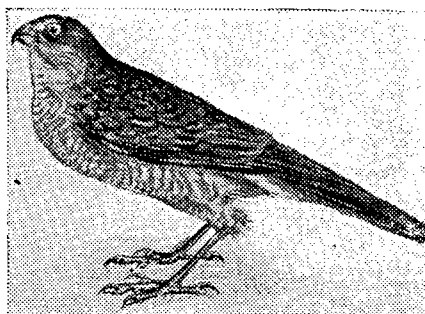
## In the Country Now—Sparrowhawks, Hooded Crows, and the Sleeping Bats

**T**HE sparrowhawk is the creature of all others most detested by small birds, who, knowing what an enemy it is, mob it if they are in sufficient numbers.

The full-grown bird is greyish in colour, but if at this time of year we happen to disturb a young sparrowhawk feeding upon the ground, and catch only a passing glimpse before it flies away, we may well mistake it for a kestrel. The young sparrowhawks, instead of being slaty-grey above and light grey below, like their parents, are brown above and fawn below. Probably on account of this they are often mistaken for kestrels by gamekeepers, who credit the kestrel with much of the damage done to game by the sparrowhawk.

The sparrowhawk, while it does a certain amount of good by killing rats and mice, preys largely on leverets and young rabbits, and also on partridges. It is not above dashing round from behind some stack or barn in the farmyard and carrying off a young chicken. Other food consists of thrushes, black-

birds, sparrows, larks, pipits, and moles. Townspeople usually call rooks crows, but the two birds are quite distinct. Some hooded crows nest in England,



The Sparrowhawk

but numbers come to us from Scandinavia and Russia at this time of the year, and though the bulk keep near the east coast, others distribute themselves

over the inland counties. The bird's plumage is black and grey, and it is sometimes called the grey crow in distinction to the black carrion crow.

The missel thrush has resumed its song, and the music is welcome now when most of the other song-birds are either gone or silent.

Most bats have by now found their hiding-places for the winter, and if you know of an old hollow tree, and can reach inside, you will probably disturb some noctules hanging head downwards with folded wings, waiting for the warm weather of next spring to rouse them to conscious life again.

Earthworms are always interesting to study, as Darwin found, and there is still much to be learnt about them. Out on the lawn just now you will find little mounds of leaves and stalks collected round the mouths of their burrows by the worms, which have dragged them there and barricaded their homes against frost and hostile grubs, while at the same time providing themselves with

a good supply of food. You will find that they even drag stones to stop up the entrances to their burrows.

The November moth, despite its name, is found earlier than the present month, but it is still on the wing. Its dull, lichen-grey colour is very useful for camouflaging it at a time of year when there is little food and hungry birds are on the look-out for that little.

Among the dead leaves of hawthorn we may find the cocoons of the early thorn moth. The chrysalis is neatly hidden inside a folded leaf, and there it will remain for the winter unless some particularly keen-eyed thrush finds it out, when its fate will be sealed for ever.

The trees that are quite stripped now include the white poplar, cherry, crab-apple, guelder rose, laburnum, syringa, hawthorn or whitethorn, maple, and ash. On the last-named the keys are very conspicuous. The plane leaves are falling, and the larch is turning yellow. We may still find a few rose campons in bloom.

## Why is Cod-Liver Oil Good For Us?

Cod-liver oil is not a popular prescription. Most people take it only under protest, and find it difficult to understand why it should be better for them than cream or butter.

Why should the oil from the liver of a cod have any special merits and be better than the fat in the milk of a cow?

The answer to this is that it is not merely the fat in the cod-liver oil which is valuable, but also the vitamins it contains.

Scientists have discovered that green food is an important source of vitamins, and that cows in winter or in times of drought, when green food is lacking, give milk deficient in these essential substances. But cod never lack green food in the sea, and those round Norway have particularly rich green pasturage, so that cod-liver oil always contains an abundance of vitamins, even more than cream. It is this which makes cod-liver oil such a valuable food.

## What are Imports and Exports?

Imports are the things brought into a country from outside; exports are the things sent out from a country to the rest of the world.

All the countries of the world have either natural products, such as coal and oil and iron and wheat, or things they make, which they send out in

exchange for other things they want; and this regular exchange forms the foreign trade of the country.

The great fact to learn about imports and exports is that the two countries concerned are making an exchange. The things may appear to be paid for by gold or by cheque, but what every country really does is to exchange its exports for its imports.

## Why Do We Not Grow Big All at Once?

It is not in the nature of any living creature to be born full-grown. There is always a period of what is called development. In the case of the very humblest animals and plants, such as microbes, this is so short as to be scarcely worth mentioning; but as life ascends the period of development gets longer and longer.

All development is itself a miracle. We are beginning at last to understand the reasons why it takes such a particularly long time for human beings to grow big. The fact which most distinguishes our growing is the growth of the brain. This comes first, so that the development of the brain is always ahead of the rest of the body; and it has to be so for the very good reason that the growth and health of the rest of the

body so largely depend upon the brain, which has to lead the way. That is why a new-born baby's head is so huge compared with the rest of its body. But though the brain is the first to begin and always leads the way, it is interesting to know that the brain is not the first to stop.

On the contrary, when all the bones have stopped growing, so that we shall never be any taller, and when the rest of the body is fully developed, the brain is still developing, though it may not be actually growing bigger; and it is not until years later that a healthy man reaches the height of his mental powers.

## Why is Wire Netting Put Round Trees?

In orchards, gardens, and other places in the country we often see wire netting fastened round the trees close up to the trunk. This is to protect the trees against the hares and rabbits which gnaw away the bark, dwarfing their growth, interfering with their vitality and fruitfulness, and possibly killing them. The wire guard, if the mesh is fairly fine, is an adequate protection, and has been found by farmers and others to be the cheapest and most effectual means of combating the depredations of the destructive animals.

## What Does Afforestation Mean?

It is a long word, but it is only made from the word forest, and it means making forests. It is very important that new trees should be planted. It would be a very good rule for the future that two saplings should be planted for every tree cut down, as wood is one of the things the world cannot possibly do without.

Civilised nations have been very careless about this in the past, and if we went on cutting down trees without planting there would soon be a timber famine, especially as the demand for paper made from wood is increasing every year. But no individual man can make money by planting trees, for they take a long time to grow, and therefore afforestation is a work which the nation must undertake. Millions of trees are always being planted in this country.

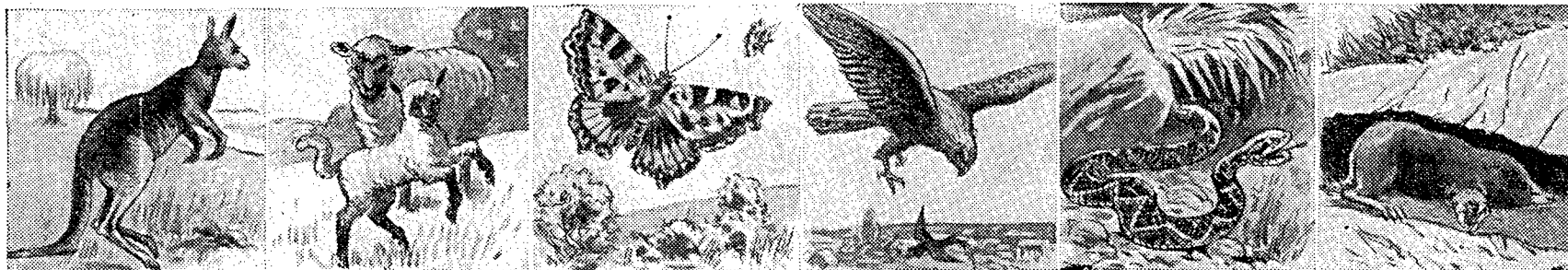
## What is a Tornado?

What we know as a tornado is really a whirlwind of unusual force. A tornado has the effect of forming a funnel-shaped cloud which whirls round rapidly in the direction opposite from that of the hands of a watch, taking on an average six minutes to pass any given spot. Tornadoes occur most frequently in the United States, where they often cause widespread and serious damage.

## PETER SIMPLE'S QUESTION BOX

## CN ANIMAL STRIP

## HOW THEY MOVE



The kangaroo jumps

The lamb gambols

The butterfly flutters

The hawk swoops

The snake darts

The mole burrows



## NEVER DESPAIR

The Thrilling Experience of  
Nancy Merki

Nearly every time Nancy Merki dives into a swimming pool she lowers a record, for she is one of America's finest swimmers.

The story of how she became a swimming champion is one of the most remarkable we have ever heard.

Four years ago, a healthy girl of nine, she was stricken with infantile paralysis. The doctors told her she would never be able to walk again. The blow was unbearable, but Nancy and her parents did not give up hope. The doctors prescribed massaging and exercises under water, so Nancy became a water-baby.

She had never been in a swimming pool before and could not swim, but a kind instructor taught her how to kick her almost useless legs. For hours she persevered and then one day a miracle happened—her legs came to life.

No longer were they weak and numb. From that day Nancy did not look back. In three months she could swim like a fish, and won a 50-yard race for girls of 12 and under.

In 1936 Nancy showed she was a coming champion when, racing over a three-mile course, she beat the best men and women swimmers in Oregon. This year the little girl of 13 who could not swim or walk four years ago made headlines by winning an 800-metre free style race in America's record time.

## LAYING AN EGG IN SPACE

How the Eagle Saved Itself

An eagle nearly lost its dinner and its life in Williams Lake, British Columbia, the other day.

It was seen to swoop down over the lake and pounce on a big trout. The bird's talons locked and it was unable to let the fish go. Watchers noticed that the catch seemed to be too heavy for the bird, for it was losing altitude and falling towards the water. Then the eagle was seen to lay an egg!

It was this that probably saved it from a watery grave, for at once it rose into the air and flew swiftly away, still clutching its dinner.

## Competition Result

In C N Competition Number 90 the two neatest correct entries were sent in by B. R. Cooper, The School, Kimbolton, Hunts; and Gordon Field, 36 Douglas Road, Blackheath, Birmingham. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The 15 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Joan Blyth, Norwich; K. G. Blythe, Blaenau Festiniog; Joyce Bower, Gt. Berkhamsted; Ivor John Brown, Manchester; Pauline Charles, Huddersfield; Betty Haywood, Wirsbworth; John Hooley, Stockport; Phyllis M. Lane, Bolsover; Graham Mason, Newport; Desmond Pearson, Southport; Brenda Rice, Boston; Olive Single, Ilford; John D. Smith, Bournemouth; Florence Watson, Elgin; Kate Wood, Durham.

The correct answers were:

Butter into Butterdish. Barleywater into Baby's Bottle. Battery into Flashlamp. Ink into Fountain Pen. Milk into Milk Bottle. Potatoes into Saucepan. Petrol into Motor-car. Paraffin into Lamp. Tea into Teapot. Water into Kettle.

## While War Goes On

We are glad that the neutral nations are not too much preoccupied with war.

In Holland great preparations are being made with the second part of the Zuyder Zee reclamation, which is to be finished within three years.

And in Italy the colonisation of Libya is still going on. Thousands more farms, complete with all essentials, are now nearly ready for a further big batch of colonists. The desert is being made to blossom.

# ECONOMY & HAPPINESS

## A Boy Talks With a Man

**The Boy.** I am puzzled by all the talk about economy. What does it mean?

**The Man.** The word simply means household management.

**The Boy.** But people speak of economy as though it meant saving.

**The Man.** Saving, truly, is one part of economy, but only a part. If the home manager does not save for a rainy day the rainy day when it comes will be very hard for him. No house can be run properly without saved stores. But we have widened the meaning of economy and have applied it to all wealth questions, whether public or private. The nation may be regarded as a great household and the management of its wealth is political economy. So the word comes to embrace all material affairs, from the running of a small household to the wealth-getting and spending of a great nation.

**The Boy.** So economy covers all life?

**The Man.** No. Economy is concerned with material things and it must always bow to spiritual values. What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul? The science of economy (or economics, as it is called) must go hand in hand with righteousness and justice if it is to serve fully the lives of men.

**The Boy.** How is that to be done?

**The Man.** The answer is, surely, that to provide for life we must first make up our minds what ends in life are good and desirable. Having done that, we can give our minds to creating or securing the material things needed to achieve the great and good aims.

**The Boy.** As a home-maker does, I suppose.

**The Man.** Yes, that is it, precisely. To manage a home we must

first have in mind the goodness and desirability of a home, in which to care for those dear to us. Then, having formed the beautiful and spiritual idea of a home, with its tender peace and happiness, and ample means of cherishing the loved ones, we set ourselves to labour for the home, to manage the home. Then we know ourselves to be literally practising a true economy, the satisfaction of good ends by material means. Among those means is the very saving of which you spoke. The material becomes one with the sublime.

**The Boy.** Is that true also of national economy?

**The Man.** Yes. When we talked of patriotism, we saw that it meant love of country, love of one's people. We cannot truly love our country without desiring that, as a great household, it should have a good economy, a proper means of developing its material wealth, so that no one within it should exist in need or misery.

**The Boy.** How is that to be done? How can we make sure that our country is doing all that it can to improve itself?

**The Man.** That is a difficult question. In the old days it was held by economists that the best way was to leave enterprising people to set up businesses and to be content with that. Nowadays, however, there is a general feeling that there ought to be national planning, to make sure that enough is done to provide the things most needed. It may be that in the end there will be a compromise between free action and controlled action. We are in an age of experiment in national economy.

**The Boy.** And what of a country at war? Has it then an economy?

**The Man.** Indeed it has, but we must talk of that another day.

# NEWS DICTIONARY

**Congress Party.** This, now figuring largely in the news from India, is the most powerful and influential of the political Parties in India and represents the Hindus. When the India Act gave self-government to the provinces of British India the Congress Party formed the Ministries in the majority. The members are by no means in agreement on the best policy for the future of India.

**Kamutay.** This is the Grand National Assembly of Turkey, a Parliament of about 400 deputies, including 17 women. It was this body which met at Ankara when the Allies had invested Constantinople at the end of the Great War and decided that Turkey should be a Republic. It framed a Constitution, one of the Articles declaring that the Assembly exercises the executive power through a President elected by itself and through the Council of Ministers chosen by him.

**Pyrrhic Victory.** In his final report of the events in Berlin leading up to the war Sir Neville Henderson spoke of a Pyrrhic Victory. This kind of victory is one in which the cost in lives by the victor is so heavy as to make the victory of no real avail. The phrase comes from the two battles of Heraclea and Asculum, in which Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, defeated the Romans, who were able to defeat him in their turn four years later.

**Requisitioning.** This is the term used when a demand is made on a person or a group of persons for supplies of any kind for military purposes. Usually a document is exchanged for them in order that such supplies may be paid for on a more tranquil occasion in the future.

**Turkish Treaty.** The Treaty of Mutual Assistance which has been signed at Ankara by France, Britain, and Turkey is of vital importance in the marshalling of the nations for the preservation of world order. It marks the decision of Turkey to ally herself with the democracies in preference to the dictatorship countries, and it will influence all her neighbours, whether in Europe or Asia. Under the treaty Turkey will collaborate effectively with France and this country in the event of an act of aggression by any European Power in the Mediterranean area; and similarly France and Britain will go to the aid of Turkey. Should France and Britain be called in by Rumania and Greece to fulfil their promise of aid, Turkey will at least act as a benevolent neutral. Turkey reserves her liberty of action in the event of Russia being involved, because she has a non-aggression pact with her.

The most important result of the treaty is that our fleet will be allowed to pass through the fortified Dardanelles into the Black Sea, and thus have access to Rumania's seaports and the Danube.

## THE RATIONED DOG

Less Spoiling Does No Harm

We all know the story of the dog hospital kept by a shrewd fellow who took in sickly pet dogs and guaranteed to effect a cure, obtaining an extra guinea for "special food."

The special food consisted of very plain fare, upon which the spoiled pets recovered their proper health and slenderness.

Our dogs need not suffer in the war if deprived of allowances of butcher's meat and expensive special foods. Too many dogs are overfed and made as dyspeptic as their owners. The household dog can be fed on household scraps, and his only acquaintance with the butcher need be the purchase of limited amounts of waste, which can be cooked with potatoes, trimmings of green vegetables often discarded, and other scraps.

## Guy Fawkes Bacteria

An astonishing discovery has been made by Dr A. C. Thaysen, of the National Physical Laboratory, when seeking an explanation of the mystery of several exploding gasoline tanks.

Scotland Yard was inclined to suspect deliberate acts of damage, possibly by the IRA; but this explanation was not satisfactory, and the right one came almost by accident.

During the investigations a kerosene tank finally and fortunately blew up by itself. Dr Thaysen, while examining the remains, found that a layer of water on which the kerosene had been floating showed bubbles of gas coming up to the surface. He examined these and found they were produced by a new kind of bacteria.

These bacteria can live in kerosene, and ferment it into ethane and methane gases, as ordinary bacteria can ferment sugar into alcohol. Both gases are inflammable, and the fermentation produced a mixture of ten per cent ethane and 90 per cent methane.

No wonder there were explosions, and the culprits were not criminal conspirators, but innocent bacteria going about their ordinary business of living, multiplying, and sustaining themselves in the condition of life to which they had been called.

A way of interrupting their calling is now being considered.

## Wealth in the Dustbin

The newspapers are full of appeals to households not to waste newspapers, circulars, cardboard boxes, and other paper articles, but to save them for collection.

This waste can be repulped with a certain quantity of new material and become new paper.

Reading this, writes an old reader of the C.N., I carefully provided two dustbins, one for ordinary ash, the other for wastepaper, and proudly awaited the arrival of the dustman. He and his mate duly arrived, but they knew nothing about collecting wastepaper. They dumped the contents of both my bins into the dustcart and departed.

Surely it is useless to advise the public to save if Authority does not add the means of collection. Surely every local authority (some do) should at once make suitable arrangements.

## £5 For the Boy Next Door

Miss Ripley of Oulton in Yorkshire has passed on, leaving five pounds to the boy next door.

He ran errands for her. Living alone after coming back from America, Miss Ripley would tap on the wall whenever she needed Harry Mates. He fetched her coal and went to the shop for her and dug her garden. Almost every evening she knocked as a signal that she was ready for him whenever he was ready to look in.



# The Sandbag's Story

## A FRIEND IN NEED OLDER THAN MANKIND

WHEREVER we turn in our towns and cities we see towering defences of sandbags guarding churches and cathedrals, banks and stations, hospitals and dug-outs, police courts and warehouses, and indeed every form of structure in which the culture and commerce of a civilised nation pursue their normal activities in wartime.

What is this sand that fills these countless piles of sacks?

It has a history older than all the wars of living beings, older far than man who makes the wars. It is a mixture of tiny fragments worn away by time, wind, and water, by heat and frost, from hills that seemed eternal.

It is mica, quartz, felspar, and other débris from the mountains of other days mixed with minute shells of creatures living perhaps millions of years ago in water to which the fragments were borne by wind and stream.

### Our Foundation Stones

Granite and quartz are fire-formed rocks and are the oldest in our island—we may call them our foundation stones—broken down by the waves of primeval seas into minute fragments. These sandy beds in course of time were overlaid by other beds of mud, and so compressed into sandstone. Down the ages these sandstone beds have been exposed to the surface of the earth again, there to be worn away by sea, by river and rain, frost and wind, and thus the particles from which they have been built up have been released to form the sands of the sea or the bed of a river.

Down the geological ages this process may have been repeated many times, but the beds of sand in the inland regions of our island north of the Thames have mostly been deposited by glaciers in one Ice Age or by great rivers.

The newer fragments have sharp edges and are called grit, which we give poultry to enable them to grind up their hard corn. The older sand, like a man who has mingled with his fellows, has lost its sharp corners and angles, worn to smoothness by constant movement of particle against particle, especially when water has been an agent in the process.

Mighty deposits of sand in the solid state are seen in geological formations called sandstone; the desert grows daily greater as blazing heat, followed by nightly cold, brings down more fragments of its rocks to be lashed

by winds and worn by friction into smaller and smaller and smoother and smoother grains.

Sands are the children's seaside playground; they are the gardener's ally when soil over clay is sour and heavy; they help to form the bricks of buildings which, in their new function, they now come to buttress; they are a sovereign polishing agent; they serve the purpose of the etcher; they enter into the manufacture of



Spraying sandbags with liquid rubber to preserve them against London's winter weather

glass and pottery; and the mortar that binds our brick buildings together is two-thirds sand.

Vast is its age; innumerable from of old are the services of sand to mankind. None who used it in bygone ages could have dreamed that the day would come when, crammed into little sacks, it would be summoned as a defence of human beings on the earth's surface from the murderous violence of inhuman beings riding the sky.

It has been a surprise to many people to find how many colours sand has. There is golden sand, silver sand, khaki sand, green sand, yellow sand, and sand practically white. It all depends on the material from which the sand has been formed and the chemicals associated with it.

A cubic foot of dry sand weighs about 100 pounds, sandstone 151 pounds, quartz 165 pounds, and granite (another original source of sand) 170 pounds.

## The Old Soldier Shows His Teeth

WHEN the Athenia was hit by a torpedo, Mr Bowen of Vancouver, who was a sergeant-major in the Great War, but is now a missionary in Western Canada, did not bother about himself and did not even trouble to look for a lifebelt.

Instead, he set about doing all he could to help those around him, and his crowning act was to rescue a ten-year-old boy by lowering himself into a lifeboat with the child in his arms while holding to the rope himself mainly by his teeth.

When Mr Bowen arrived back home in Vancouver he found that the tale

of his heroism had been told by other survivors of the wreck, but it was very reluctantly that he told the tale himself. "The youngster's father was looking after the mother, who is an invalid. Someone had to take him down, so I volunteered. I remembered reading about children using their teeth to come down ropes, so I tried it. I picked up the child and down we went." Mr Bowen rubbed his jaw, and then, as though to explain the deed, he said, "Well, I just happened to be an old soldier."

Now to Vancouver (and to us) he just happens to be an old hero!

# IN GERMANY NOW

## A Mother's Story of Life Under the Nazis

THE representative of a famous Swiss newspaper has been travelling through Germany to find out what the people are really thinking.

He has come to the conclusion that there is more anxiety than enthusiasm about the war and that the Nazi doctrine is not standing up well to the strain of so colossal an undertaking as a great war. It is true, he writes, that the Nazi soldiers are still enthusiastic believers in Hitler and his creed, but those who are left to carry on at home are not so sure that all is well.

### Feeling Among the Workers

The Nazis are a minority in the country, but they are still so powerful and efficient that there is no immediate likelihood of a revolution against the regime. Yet the Swiss found that dissatisfaction with the working of the bureaucracy existed all over Germany, especially in the south. In the towns especially he found considerable feeling among the workers against the hosts of officials and party leaders who had taken steps to protect themselves without considering others. There were few gas-masks and air-raid shelters for the public, while maximum effort was demanded from the working classes, who were already exhausted by their efforts during the many crises preceding the war.

For some time the working classes have been comparing the methods of Russia and Germany and finding how great is their resemblance. They were resentful of the Dictatorship methods of both, and harking back to the slogans against capitalism which the Nazis themselves formerly used.

### Disregard For Human Rights

In the South there was a revival of the federal idea in opposition to the centralisation (which is actually the Prussianisation) of all Germany, while there was a vague hope for a new kind of democratic State which did not rely on mass movements and mass organisation.

Everywhere this Swiss observer found strong resentment against the Nazi disregard for many fundamental human rights, but he found no evidence of a coming revolution against Hitler. On the contrary, the resentment of the British blockade was likely to make the war even popular for a time.

The Swiss observer, however, discovered enough secret dissatisfaction throughout Germany to convince him that a total defeat of Germany would result in the ready welcome of Russian

ideas in the political confusion which would prevail.

We have come upon another account, this time an authentic letter from a German. The letter was published in a periodical known as *The True Germany*, and the German mother who wrote it complains that everything she wishes to buy is dear, and that it does not last long. Her chief concern seems to be for the health of her children who, she says, get tired with so much marching, and are never able to have enough food. "If she forbids them to march," she writes, "she might have a visit from the Nazis, and the end would be that her husband would lose his job." This letter from a German mother goes on:

"How can we live? Our savings were used up long ago, everything has become so dear, and there is no end to the collections. There is no actual scarcity of food, but it is all very dear, and our income simply does not allow us to live as we used to. Then they spy on our cooking at every chance, worm out of us what we are having, cross-examine the children on what they get to eat and whether we follow the party recommendations for menus. It is a fact that any denunciation is enough to bring an inspection of our larder, and woe to anyone who has a few coffee beans or a couple of eggs too much. We live mainly on potatoes and smoked fish; meat comes more and more rarely to the table.

### Resurrection Pie

"We are living on scraps; we have to take the barley from the midday barley broth and mix it with half a cabbage, some leeks, and some carrots. I stew this with added water and bits of potato. And this is expected to make the children strong and healthy! We save every particle of cheese, rind and all; I use it for the 'cookery marvel,' a new German invention. I cook all the scraps of vegetables and potatoes with a thick yellow sauce, put this into the greased 'cookery marvel,' spread the whole thickly with grated cheese, and bake it; that is how I get our favourite 'resurrection pie.'

"Have you heard of 'German superfine sago,' made from potatoes? Flour for puddings is also being prepared from potatoes. On an average we have meat twice a week, fish three times, smoked or fried; we have potatoes at the midday and evening meals; we get few vegetables.

"Sometimes, when I am alone, it is a relief to get away into a corner and have a good cry."

## TEN POINTS FOR PAX-TING

The Pax-Ting is a Guide Camp which has just been held in Sweden, and we like these ten rules for the campers.

**G**IVE honour to the flags of every nation. If you meet a flag which is being carried, salute it. If you pass a flag-pole, greet it.

If another sub-camp hoists the flag or stands up for prayers, or sings its national anthem, stand to attention.

Don't talk politics.

Don't run down anybody or anything.

Don't start any disputes.

Be friendly to everyone, but don't be obtrusive or troublesome.

Greet every Guide, even if you have never met her before.

If any foreign person enters your camp, be it a Guide or a stranger, stand up and greet her with the salute.

Never sit down while your guest stands, or in the presence of older.

If you talk with older people stand or sit in an orderly way, but always look into their eyes.



FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD Nell Kerry and her brother Derek were washing up the supper dishes in the kitchen of the ranch-house which their father had built five years earlier. There were tears in Nell's eyes as she laid down the plate she had wiped.

"Can't we do anything, Derek?" she asked.

Derek shook his head.

"I've been racking my brains, Nell, but I can't see a way out. If Dad had six months we could pay, but they give us only six days. Think of losing our home for lack of a hundred dollars!"

Before Nell could answer the back door opened and a tall, sandy-haired lad came in. He was Calvin Lee, stepson of their nearest neighbour.

"Derek, I've found a bee cave up in Lost Hills," he said. "There's a sight of honey there. Can you give me a hand? They're paying good money for honey down at Gunsight."

Derek swung round.

"Honey!" he said, then stopped short. He did not want Calvin to know how much this meant to him. He had nothing against Calvin, but he did not like his stepfather, Terence Lanahan. Derek suspected him of coveting their land because they had a good spring. "Honey," Derek repeated. "I'm game. You want our wagon?"

"That's it. And we go halves."

"Suits me," said Derek. "Start tomorrow?"

"At sun-up," Calvin answered, and went off.

Derek turned to his sister.

"We can get there in a day, Nell. Another day to get the honey, and come back on Friday. With luck we shall have enough to pay the interest."

"You will; I'm sure you will!" declared Nell. "Tell Mum and Dad, then go to bed. I'll put up food so you can leave first thing in the morning."

It was thirty miles to the Lost Hills and rough going, but Derek and Calvin made it before sundown. The Lost Hills were full of caverns and rock passages. There were holes which the desert men said were bottomless and rivers which ran deep underground.

The boys camped by a spring and cooked supper.

"She's right up there," said Calvin, pointing. "I reckon there's tons of honey."

Tons of honey! Derek kept calm, but inwardly he was quivering with excitement. Honey was fetching forty cents a pound at Gunsight. If they got even a quarter of a ton his share would pay the interest on his father's loan. Mr Kerry had been crippled by rustlers stealing his whole herd of 55 Hereford cattle.

After supper Derek got out the veils,

## DARK FORTUNE

### A Short Story by Tom Gifford

gloves, and ropes and made everything ready. Then he and Calvin rolled in their blankets and went to sleep.

As the sun rose next morning the two climbed a steep gully. Calvin had the rope and two pails, Derek the veils, gloves, and another couple of pails.

"There's the hole. See, they're just beginning to come out," Calvin said.

Derek's spirits rose. There were the bees, a steady stream of them flying out and dropping down toward the low ground now covered with flowering shrubs. They put on their veils and gloves and clambered to the mouth of the bee cave. It was more a pit than a cave.

Derek gasped. The place was one mass of comb. It was stacked on ledges as far down as he could see, some fresh, some black with age. The air was thick with bees and the humming of their myriad wings made a low roar. Calvin knotted the rope round a projecting spur of rock.

"Will you go down first or shall I?" he asked.

"I'll go," said Derek eagerly. "I say, we might make as much as 300 dollars out of this."

"Easy," Calvin answered, and Derek fastened the rope round his body and went down.

Bees swarmed in clouds. Though the veil made him safe from stings, their fury was terrifying. Derek began grabbing combs and piling them into his buckets. One was full. He sent it up and began to fill the second. This was splendid.

Then it happened. Without the slightest warning the rope snapped. Derek made a wild grasp at a ledge, missed it and plummeted down into blackness.

He had just time to think "This is the end," when he plunged into icy-cold water and went down, down, seemingly into the depths of a well.

It was not a well but a deep, narrow underground river, and Derek actually struck the bottom with his feet, then with a frantic effort forced himself upwards. Just as it seemed he must open his mouth or burst, his head rose above the surface and he took a long, deep breath.

The air was fresh enough, but Derek could see nothing. It was pitch, utterly dark. All he could realise was that he was in the grasp of a furious torrent and being rushed along at fearful speed.

Derek was able to keep his head above water, but the intense cold of the sunless river was numbing his whole body. Sooner or later he must give up struggling and sink.

Minutes passed and he was still travelling at tremendous speed, then his straining eyes caught a faint glimmer of light.

Light! Perhaps the river ran out into the open. Hope revived and he forgot the freezing ache in his muscles.

The current slackened; he was in still water. Then came bitter disappointment, for he found himself in a great cave lighted by a hole high in the roof. The light showed a spur of rock. He swam to it and climbed out.

The cave was huge, yet Derek felt sure there must be some way out, if he could only find it. He began to grope along the rocks under the cave wall; but the rocks gave out and he was faced with deep water. To stay where he was meant slow starvation. Better drown than starve. He had made up his mind to swim down the cave and try to find a way out, when he spotted a great log lying between two rocks at the edge of the water.

With a big effort he pushed it loose, found that it floated well, so got astride of it and waited to see what would happen. A slight current carried him down the cave. The odd thing was that this water was not nearly so cold as at the head of the cave. Warm springs, Derek decided.

A gurgling sound came to his ears, and Derek saw before him a low arch through which the water was running with great force. There was no light in the tunnel, no way of telling where this unknown river ran. For all Derek knew it might carry him miles into the depths of the earth.

Again blackness, again the sullen roar of swift water. The pace increased. There came a violent jar; Derek was jerked from his hold and felt himself falling. He was going over a cataract.

Again he was drowning when he was shot upwards. Breathless, almost helpless, he drifted on; then there was light again and Derek looked up at blue sky which he had never again expected to see. The current took him into shallow water, and he scrambled out on to a rocky bank, dropped flat, and lay with his eyes shut, exhausted.

The sun shone upon the rock and warmed him, and after a while he was able to sit up. He found himself at the bottom of a deep gorge with sides of limestone rock running up in vast steps and terraces. He could tell by the sun that he had been underground for at least four hours, and it seemed to him that he had come right through Lost Hills and out the other side.

He was furiously hungry, but that was something which could not be cured, so must be endured.

Wait a moment! What was that in the shallow water beside him? A big, blue-shelled fresh-water mussel. He reached in and pulled it out.

Mussels are not so good as oysters, but are quite eatable. Derek forced open the shell with his knife, and was just about to take a bite at the succulent flesh when a small iridescent object caught his eye. It was a pearl, a pearl rather larger than a pea and perfect in shape!

### The Second Time

Derek shook with excitement. He knew little about pearls except that they were worth money, but where one was found there might be more.

Forgetting his hunger and fatigue, he started a search. In half an hour he had about four dozen mussels and ten pearls. Two were pink, and all were of good size and shape. He felt sure they must be worth at least a hundred dollars, and, wrapping them in his handkerchief, put them carefully in his pocket. Then he made a meal of the mussels and started to climb out of the gorge.

By the time he reached the rim rock Derek was about done. He rested a while, then faced the hill again. It was mighty rough going, and Derek was not only tired but horribly footsore when at last he topped the crest of the low hills and saw below the little valley where the camp lay. He could see the horses grazing and the white tilt of the wagon, but no sign of Calvin.

The thought of food gave him fresh energy and he hurried downhill.

"Calvin!" he shouted; but there was no reply. Derek began to feel anxious. Was it possible he had fallen too? He waited just long enough to eat some food, then started to drag his aching limbs up to the bee cave.

He took with him a spare veil. He also remembered to bring a second rope and a candle lantern. By this time the sun was setting and the bees had ceased work for the day. Derek climbed to the mouth of the cave and looked down. No sign of Calvin.

He shouted and waited. A sound reached his ears. It was a groan.

"Calvin, are you there?" Derek called. Again came a groan, and Derek realised that Calvin lay on a ledge somewhere below. Cold chills crawled down his spine at thought of venturing for a second time into this horrible place, but there was no help for it.

He lit the candle and let the lantern down at the end of a string. Then he saw Calvin, flat on his back on a ledge about 12 feet down.

Derek rigged the rope with great care. There was not going to be another accident if he could help it.

It was easy enough to get down. The job was to get Calvin up. Calvin did not seem to have any bones broken, but he had an ugly scalp wound and was unconscious. There was no help within miles, and Calvin could not be left where he was.

Derek took the rope off his own body and fastened it carefully round Calvin, then started to climb back. The wall was not quite sheer, and with the help of the rope he managed it; but when it came to hauling up Calvin this was beyond him. Even if he had been fresh he could not have done it.

He thought a while, then found a heavy boulder. This he fastened to the loose end

of the rope. He let this rock down carefully over the wall of the gorge, and found that its weight gave him counterbalance just sufficient to lift Calvin's body.

But when he got him up Derek was so done he had to rest for some minutes before he could even move.

The next task was to get Calvin to camp. Again Derek had to go down the gorge. He fetched one of the horses, managed to lift Calvin on the beast's back, and so got him to the wagon. Even then his task was not done. He had to wash and bandage the ugly wound on Calvin's head. As he finished this job he went suddenly giddy and fell over on the ground.

It was pitch dark when he was roused by some sound. Calvin was talking.

"Derek—Derek—I've killed him! Oh, I'd give anything to get him back!"

Derek roused. He was stiff and cold, but he got up. Calvin was feverish. Derek gave him some water, and presently he went to sleep. Derek rolled in a blanket, and did not move again until awakened by the sun shining in his face.

He sat up. Calvin was gazing at him with eyes full of amazement.

"It can't be true. It's his ghost," he said.

"Don't be an ass!" said Derek. "I'm no ghost. How are you, old son?"

To his horror Calvin burst into tears.

"Here, what's up?" demanded Derek.

"Are you really alive?" sobbed Calvin.

"Of course I am," said Derek.

"But I killed you. I let you use that rotten rope."

"You didn't. You dreamed it."

"I did, I tell you. You fell into the pit."

Derek shook his head. Even now he thought Calvin was raving. To quiet him he told him of his adventures underground. Then he took out his pearls.

"Of course, we go fifty-fifty."

"I wouldn't take a cent!" said Calvin passionately. "That rope was rotten. Father told me to use it. I didn't want to, but he said if you got lost your father would sell out to him and we'd be rich. The moment I'd done it I'd have given anything not to."

I tried to go down after you, then I slipped. I never knew a thing until you pulled me out. You took a big chance to save me, Derek. I'd have died down there if you hadn't pulled me out. And you might be dead already!"

Derek gazed at Calvin. There was no doubting that what he said was true. Calvin's face, voice, and manner made it certain. Suddenly Derek thrust out his hand.

"All right, Calvin. We'll say no more about it. If you're up to it we'll hitch up and go home. These pearls will fetch as much as the honey, and Dad needs the money."

Calvin looked as if he could not believe his senses.

"You mean you forgive me?"

"I've said so. Come on, old man."

What Calvin said to his stepfather only they two know. Next day Lanahan cleared out. He was never seen again in Colorado. The pearls fetched two thousand dollars, paid off the whole mortgage, and left a nice bit over. As for Calvin, he lives with the Kerrys, and he and Derek are like brothers.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of November 1914

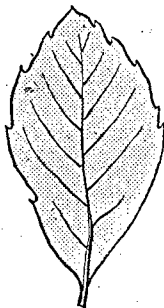
**Ask the Zulus.** All the world knows how Germany makes war, nor are we likely to forget. The reputation of our British Army is in no need of a trumpet, but it is thrilling to remember what the Zulus said. Sir Evelyn Wood once commanded 1800 men, fighting for five hours against 23,000 Zulus, and when the fight was over the British general asked a few friendly Zulus to collect men of every regiment of the enemy, promising each man a stick of tobacco. The next morning there was a group of magnificent specimens of humanity outside the general's tent, and Sir Evelyn says:

When I had got all the information I required, I said, "Two months ago, when, after a skirmish, our doctors cared for your wounded, and a few days later you overwhelmed our camp, killing 1500 of our men, you did not spare those who had been attending on your own brothers. Will one of you say why I should not kill you?" Said a young giant, "May I speak, O Master? You ask why you should not kill us; I answer, it is not the English custom."

We may be forgiven for wishing that all armies of civilised countries could win such testimonials from a savage race.

## The Leaf of the Evergreen Oak

Perhaps one autumn day when walking down the street you may come across some neat little acorns, with apparently no oak tree near. Yet, just above you, pretending to be a holly, is an oak tree, the evergreen oak. This tree has small evergreen leaves something like little holly leaves without the prickles. It comes from countries round the Mediterranean, and was introduced to England about the time of the Great Armada. Gardeners dislike it because, like most evergreens, it drops its leaves in May just when they have so many other things to do. The evergreen oak is a very hardy tree, and by the seaside, it is most valued, for it can withstand the salt winds and protect other trees. It is indeed one of our most valuable trees for beautifying town and country. It is so good-natured that it can be trimmed into hedges, or even into big formal bushes like the yew. The cork-oak, from whose bark we get cork, is a close relation, with rather larger leaves, but it is harder to grow than the evergreen variety.





## Have You Ordered Your CN?

The only way to make sure of your CN each week is to place an order for your newsagent to reserve a copy.

Newsagents must now order only the exact number of CNs they require, and if any remain unsold they will be a loss to the newsagent. It is imperative that there shall be no waste, for wood pulp, from which paper is made, comes from abroad, and in wartime cargo space is valuable.

Will you please help to save this waste, and at the same time help your newsagent and the CN, by filling in this Order Form and handing it to your newsagent.

### CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER ORDER FORM

Please obtain for me the CN each week

Name

Address

THANK YOU

## POPPY DAY IN WAR TIME

For 18 years British people have given freely to Lord Haig's Poppy Day Appeal. Their generosity has built up the World's finest beneficent organisation for men who have served their Country in War.

With the tragedy of War again forced on us, OUR NEEDS ARE GREATER.

The men now serving, and those who will be serving in the anxious days ahead, are to share with their fathers of 1914/18 the benefits of all British Legion schemes of assistance.

POPPY DAY is of even greater importance in War time. It is unquestionably the finest medium through which you can help those who serve the Empire.

### DONATIONS AND POPPY SELLERS

These are our urgent needs. Please send gifts and offers of help to your local Poppy Day Committee, or to:

HAIG'S FUND, CARDIGAN HOUSE, RICHMOND, SURREY

**TWO GENERATIONS NEED YOUR HELP**  
**PLEASE BE VERY GENEROUS**

## HOW MAGNESIA WHITENS TEETH

Everyone who tries the new toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is amazed to see how completely it removes ugly stains, and leaves the teeth amazingly white. A most astonishing discovery! Why is 'Milk of Magnesia' such an effective whitener? The reason is that it instantly neutralizes the harmful mouth acids which encourage the formation of dingy yellow deposits and tartar on the teeth. Moreover, it destroys the cause of decay germs which swarm in the acid mouth. The toothpaste that gives you this marvellous tooth-whitening service is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, and it alone contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' Get a tube to-day and try it. Results will show you why over twelve thousand dentists are recommending patients to use Phillips' Dental Magnesia every day. Sold everywhere at 6d., 10d., 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

## CHILD EVACUEES

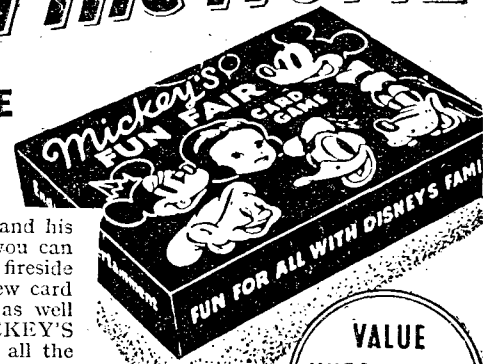
LARGE NUMBERS now in the country from East London are in need of good warm winter clothing and strong boots. The parents of many CANNOT AFFORD to BUY THEM, and are earnestly seeking our aid. The Superintendent is visiting many of these children from time to time and knows the greatness of the need. Do please help us to meet it without delay.—R.S.V.P. The Rev. Percy Ineson, EAST END MISSION, 583, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1.

All enquiries concerning advertisement space in this publication should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER, Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

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Our familiar slogan "£8 a day just pays our way" unhappily no longer holds good. The situation created by the War, with the inevitable increases in maintenance costs, makes our needs today greater than ever before.

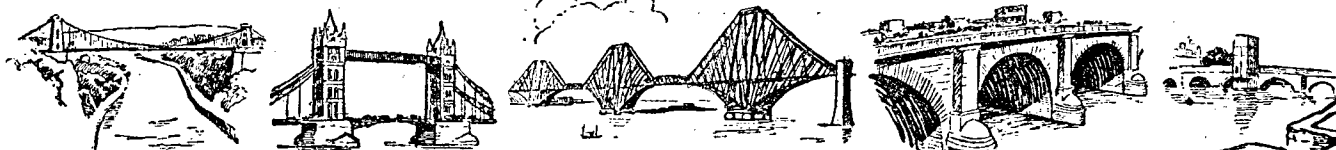
To enable us to carry on uninterruptedly with our work of administering skilled medical and nursing services to the children from London's poorest areas, we appeal to all readers for a measure of support not only equal to former contributions, but for increased subscriptions.



PLEASE SEND A GIFT NOW TO—The Secretary, The Little Folks Home Fund, The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2.



# THE BRAN TUB



Here are some of the finest bridges in Britain. How many of them do you know? The list will be given next week.

## 400 Years Talking

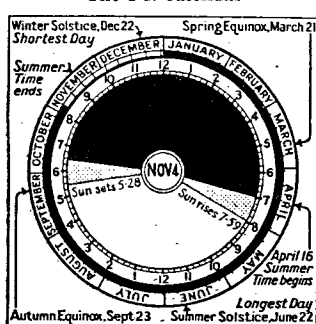
To a Swiss scholar visiting the Sorbonne the guide explained: "Here is a great hall where discussions have been held for four hundred years." "And what has been decided in it?" asked the scholar.

## Hidden Entertainments

IN each of the following sentences is the name of a form of entertainment. There was panic on certain stock exchanges. He underwent a slight operation. Cassandra made a lovely woollen jumper. The Sudan certainly is a place for heat.

Answer next week

## The C N Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on November 4.

## The Lion Who Fell Ill—A Fable in French and English

UN lion qui était trop malade pour aller à la recherche de nourriture invita tous les animaux à lui rendre visite, feignant d'être trop faible pour leur faire du mal. Monsieur Lion était un rusé compère.

Un à un les animaux partirent, pour lui exprimer leurs regrets. Un à un ils disparurent. Mais quand arriva le tour de Monsieur le Renard, il s'enfuit à toutes jambes.

Toutes les empreintes de leurs pieds, pensa-t-il, vont dans la même direction. Ils sont tous entrés dans la caverne, c'est évident, mais aucun d'eux n'en est revenu! Je soupçonne mon ami de les avoir avalés.

A lion who was too ill to go out in search of food, invited all the other beasts to pay him a friendly visit, pretending he was far too feeble to do them harm. Mr Lion was an artful fellow.

One by one the animals set out to offer him their sympathy. And one by one they disappeared. But when it came to the fox's turn, Mr Reynard made off just as fast as his legs could carry him.

The footprints that I see, thought he, all point one way. All have gone into the cave, it is clear, but none appear to have come out again! I suspect our friend has gobbled them up.

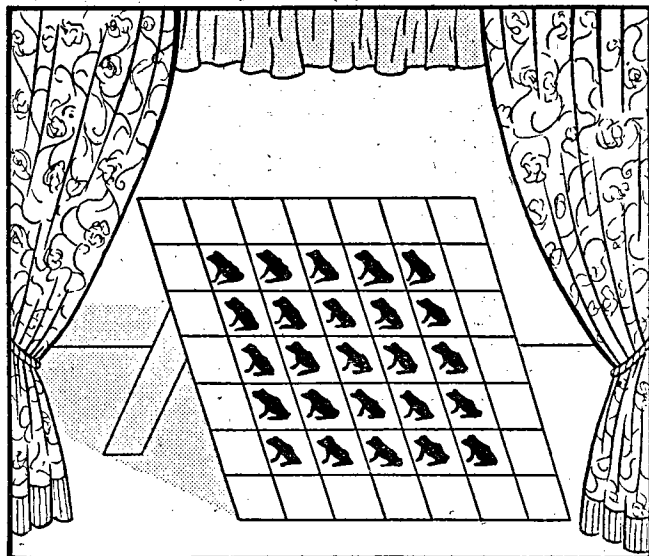
## The Problem of the Five-and-Twenty Frogs

AN entertainer had a very clever troupe of performing frogs. He would bring a board on to the stage with 25 frogs in the positions shown in the picture.

At a certain command the frogs began to jump over one another, those passed over leaving the stage until only one frog, the central one, remained, standing on the square on which it started. Can you see how this was done?

Letter 25 pieces of paper and arrange them in this order on a draught-board:

ABCDE  
FGHIJ  
KLMNO  
PQRST  
UVWXY



Now try to work out the problem.

Every move must "take" a piece, by jumping over it as in draughts, but a move can be made in any direction, horizontally, vertically, or diagonally.

Any number of pieces can be taken in one move by the same piece, provided, of course, they are in the proper positions.

The central frog (letter M) cannot be taken, but it can jump over other pieces provided it arrives back on its original square at the end.

If you succeed in working out the problem try again to see if you can do it in fewer moves than you needed first time.

Answer next week

## What Happened on Your Birthday



Milton

- Nov. 5. Gunpowder Plot . 1605  
6. Lincoln elected President 1860  
7. Sir Godfrey Kneller died 1723  
8. Milton died . 1674  
9. Mayflower off Cape Cod . 1620  
10. Oliver Goldsmith born . 1728  
11. Manchester Ship Canal started . 1887

## A Draughts Trick

PILE up six or seven draughts—men and remove the bottom one by giving it a sharp blow with a flat ruler, without upsetting the remainder of the pile. This can be done quite easily with a little practice, and is an illustration of the scientific principle of inertia, that is, the tendency inanimate objects have when at rest of remaining at rest.

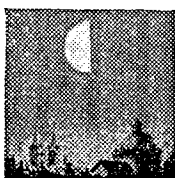
## Transposition

WHEN danger lurks you hear my sound.  
Twist now my letters five around  
And I've ascended. Twist again  
And, lo, I cleanse. Is that quite plain?

Answer next week

## Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars is in the south-west, Jupiter and Saturn are in the south-east, and Uranus is in the east. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon at half-past seven on Sunday morning, November 5.

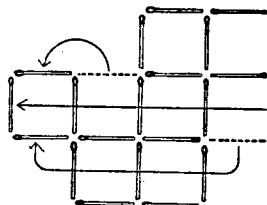


## Something Like Gardening

A MAN in Hampshire planted some beans late one afternoon, and the next morning they were all up, thanks to his hens.

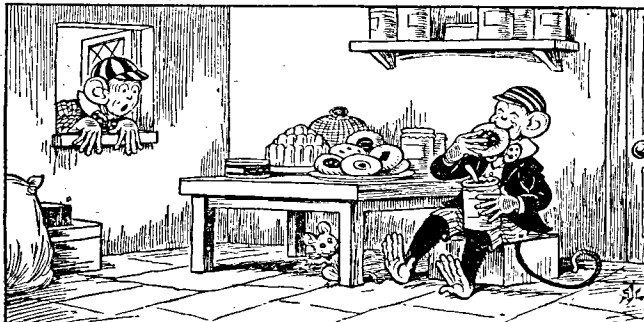
## LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Heading, Richard the First, Tennyson, Augustus Caesar, Abraham Lincoln, Charles the First, Nelson, Florence Nightingale, Napoleon, Drake, Wellington, Shakespeare, Gordon, Joan of Arc. Peter Puck's Fun Fair. The hidden letters form the word COTTAGE. The three matches are moved thus:—



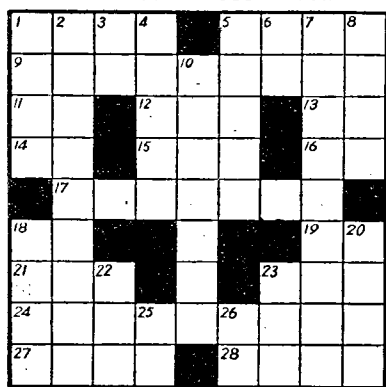
The blacked-in parts form a squirrel. Move the penny at one end away and slide it quickly against the centre one, when the third will shoot away.

## Jacko Plays Hide-and-Seek



JACKO and Chimp were playing hide-and-seek. Chimp hid first. He squeezed inside Mother Jacko's big wardrobe, and hid behind her best Sunday dress. But Jacko found him; and then it was his turn to hide. Chimp counted ten and went after him. He began at the top of the house and worked systematically down. Going through the kitchen to the scullery he passed the pantry window, and peeped in. There was Jacko, devouring cakes and jam!

## Half-Hour Cross Word



Reading Across. 1. To throw out. 5. This has 35 brothers in a yard. 9. To pledge one's self for something. 11. Chemical symbol for glucinum. 12. A goblin. 13. French for the. 14. Saint. 15. A beverage. 16. French for and. 17. Puts under restraint. 18. Pronoun. 19. Famous motorcycle race. 21. An open wooden vessel. 23. To strive for superiority. 24. A newspaper's leading article. 27. To measure. 28. A level, shaded walk; the name of a famous London thoroughfare. Reading Down. 1. Provokes. 2. A crowd or throng. 3. Iowa. 4. To negotiate. 5. To conclude by reasoning. 6. New Testament. 7. Heavenly. 8. High temperature. 10. In music this word denotes a brisk movement. 13. A scrap of news. 20. To narrate. 22. A morsel. 23. By way of. 25. Note in the tonic solfa scale. 26. Royal Marines.

Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week

## WHEN A CHILD IS FEVERISH, CROSS, UPSET



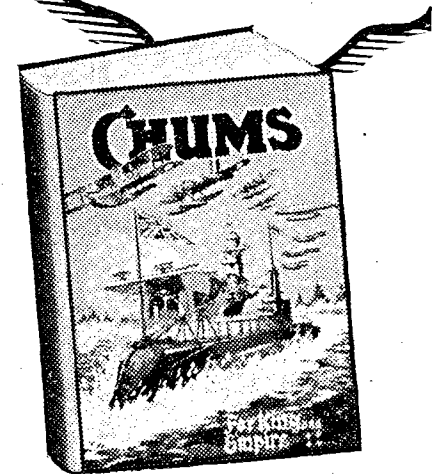
Colic, wind, disordered stomach, frequent vomiting, feverishness, in babies and children, generally show food is souring in the little digestive tract.

When these symptoms appear, give Baby a teaspoonful of 'Milk of Magnesia.' Add it to the first bottle of food in the morning. Older children should be given their dose in a little water. This will comfort the child—make his stomach and bowels easy. In five minutes he is comfortable and happy. It will free the bowels of all sour, indigestible food. It opens the bowels in constipation, colds and children's ailments. Children take it readily because it is palatable and pleasant-tasting.

Obtainable everywhere, at 1/3 & 2/6. The large size contains three times the quantity of the small. Be careful to ask for 'Milk of Magnesia,' which is the registered trade-mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia, prescribed and recommended by physicians for correcting excess acids. Now also in tablet form 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of the liquid preparation.

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